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Salute to Virgil, by E. K. Rand, on page 266

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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American Style

THERE is a lesson for American authors in autumn leaves, and in skyscrapers.

Literature has one quality not often remembered. It contains both the past and the future. In its form it is reminiscent, traditional, and built upon rhythms of life which may go back of the animate: in subject matter it is as prophetic as the human is capable of being, for it is, essentially, the imagination speculating upon the significance of experience.

Now, it is granted that American writers do not have to write about the United States, nor is it necessary that they should endeavor to be in any way characteristically American when they write. If one side of the literary coin bears often a national emblem, the other is stamped by the print of art which owes no final debt to nationality. Yet it is generally true that the writer draws his mental sustenance from things as they are about him, and there is a profit which, while it cannot be reckoned in certainties, is known to us all, in, not conforming, but corresponding to, and representing, the shape and substance of immediate environment.

It seems to many of us that the main achievements of American literature in the twentieth century have been heavier and more varied charges from the American scene. Our novelists, playwrights, and poets have sharpened their eyes, and made their pages the journals of the times. It will be far easier to reconstruct the appearance, temper, and the feel of American life, urban and rural, from the novels and short stories of the nineteen hundreds than from the literature of Irving's period, or even Mark Twain's. These moderns may be better journalists than scholars, and better imitators than creators, but no one can accuse their subject matter of not being American. They satisfy those curious as to the immediate future.

* * *

Not so with their style. Style by any definition, and certainly when regarded as the final form demanded by the nature of the work and the personality of the author, has been rare in our twentieth century writing. Asked for stylists, the names would come haltingly to the lips, and many of those mentioned in a lengthy list would be of writers certainly not eminent in the absolute. Robert Frost, Elinor Wylie, Thornton Wilder, Robert Nathan, Ernest Hemingway (in ambition certainly), Willa Cather (though not always), Christopher Morley (in his mood), Cabell, come to mind, but names do not rush after theirs. And yet the ready answer that style as such is not indigenous to America, does not belong here in true representation, is certainly untrue. This country had style in itself, and its citizens whenever they have pursued the arts in the past have rather noticeably sought it. Speaking of the very beginnings of the nineteenth century, Henry Adams notices this. Indeed, historically speaking, our list of stylists in literature is rather extraordinary for so brief a span in culture. As to the country itself, observers, especially literary observers, have been misled by the litter of the industrial revolution dropped, in a haste of development, more profusely here than on other continents. (The worst litter has been made by emigrants from countries supposed to have an established sense of beauty). No region in Europe has a more perfected style than the Brandywine valley, or the sumach tufted pastures of Connecticut. Maples in the American Fall, glowing against a rise of hemlocks, citron, gold, orange, crimson, scarlet, in nice gradation to a climax of light burning in the dusk, are lessons in style written upon every Appalachian hillside. The sonnet might learn from the fronded dogwood, and tragic harmony be instructed by the bronzed Autumn oak.

Our architects have felt no lack of style in their environment. Dealing with typical needs they have found a style for their upstretched steel and made the most dismal necessities express the hard beauty which an American city seeks. Our towers and cliff dwellings are more American in their content than the most native books. They house the people the novelists write about. But even though their forms began with conventions borrowed hastily from the past, they have found their own unmistakable mode. The American Telephone building has succeeded where Dreiser failed. It has a style.

Some writers should look at steel buildings, and others at pepperidge trees and highbush huckleberries in Fall, for both are American and both have style.

Lilac Blossoms

By PADRAIC COLUM

WE mark the playing-time of sun and rain,
Until the rain too heavily upon us
Leans, and the sun stamps down upon
our lustres,
And then our trees stand in their greennesses
No different from the privets in the hedges,
And we who made a pleasaunce at the doorstep,
And whether by the ash-heap or the spring-well
Growing, were ever fresh and ever radiant,
And fragrant more than grass is—
We, we are gone without a word that praised us—
You did not know how short the playing-time!

This Week

"William Howard Taft," "The Changing Years," and "Taft and Roosevelt."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"The Coming of the War."
Reviewed by CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

"Turkey Faces West."
Reviewed by NERMINE MOUVAFAC.

"Introduction to Wall Street," and "Why You Win or Lose."
Reviewed by PAUL WILLARD GARRETT.

"Crusaders of Chemistry."
Reviewed by BERNARD JAFFE.

John Mistletoe. XIV.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Mary Baker Eddy."
Reviewed by ERNEST S. BATES.

"Round about Parnassus."
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Next Week, or Later

Whistler and His Day.
By JAMES LAVER.

A Page of National History*

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE first decade and a half of the twentieth century saw the culmination of a long struggle. In those years covering the administrations of Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson's first term, the fight for the political control of America reached one of its major climaxes. On the one hand was the agrarian group; the farmers, the small town business men, and, more or less dubious and aloof, organized labor. On the other hand was the urban population; the national figures in finance, the industrial leaders: the large units of militant capital called the trusts, and also aloof and also dubious of its plutocratic allies, but more scornful still of the rural bourgeoisie, was the left wing fringe of industrial radicalism.

From the beginning, and for three hundred years, America had been dominated by its rural population, farmers and dwellers in country towns. During the early days of the Republic, Virginia planters had furnished its Presidents. Then following Jackson, came the backwoodsman of the frontier. Lincoln was of that breed and Grant and Garfield and the country preacher's son, Grover Cleveland. McKinley was small town lawyer. Latter day disciples of protection were protectionists because they hoped and believed that protection first of all would give the American farmer a home market for his products. Slavery became an issue when the small farmer found he was competing with the cheap farm labor in the South. Every major issue of American politics arose from the discontent of the farmer or from the farmer's vision of better times. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century one agrarian movement after another appeared and disappeared upon the national scene; the Grangers, the Greenbackers, the Farmers Alliance, the Populists, and Bryan Democracy. The procession was in truth one movement gathering power. When it captured the organization of the Democratic Party, the agrarian movement in American politics waxed husky and became almost respectable. It should have been opposed consistently by the Republican Party under Hanna's leadership. But suddenly the curtain dropped to rise on a new scene. McKinley was assassinated, Roosevelt appeared, Hanna died. And in the first three years of the new century, the agrarians began to capture the Republican Party. The Roosevelt policies put into polite Harvardian terms the barbaric yawp of Bryan and his predecessors. And Roosevelt in the White House dominated the Republican Party.

The Roosevelt policies became Republican doctrine somewhat ingrafted into the platform but bravely preached from the White House and from a score of State Houses where miniature Republican Roosevelts were translating into terms of state government all that Roosevelt stood for in the federal government.

So those days, from 1903 to 1917, were times of clamor and hubbub. The battle raged most fiercely during the four years between 1909 and 1913, when President Taft was in the White House. Before he came to power, Roosevelt, who was first of all an agitator and whose accomplishments in administration were only worthy, not extraordinary,

* WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. By HERBERT S. DUFFY. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1930. $5.
THE CHANGING YEARS. By NORMAN HAPGOOD. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $4.
TAFT AND ROOSEVELT: The Intimate Letters of ARCHIE BUTT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. 2 vols. $7.50.

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had been enlisting soldiers for the combat. After Taft left, Wilson in his first term, who was in certain phases Roosevelt's spiritual successor and political adversary, gathered up from 1913 to 1917 the fruits of whatever victory the agrarians could claim. But the war in Europe disorganized the phalanxes that Roosevelt and Bryan had gathered. A new alignment was made inevitable by America's entrance into the war. And in 1921 it looked to the casual observer on the battle site as if the old struggle had no significance, no result, and had ended in no victory. But be that as it may, from 1909 to 1913 the issue came to a definite clash in the first major political engagement in the history of the United States between the forces of industrial plutocracy and those who maintained the old rural traditions upon which the political faith of the fathers of the Republic was founded.

The three books before us deal with those four years. In the case of Major Butt's Letters, they deal almost entirely with those years. In the case of Mr. Duffy's biography, while the earlier life of President Taft has its place as background and the story of his later years furnishes the final chapters of the book, yet the main purpose of this Taft biography is to justify President Taft's course during those four furious Presidential years. Mr. Hapgood's narrative contains many charming pages telling of his youthful life in college, as a reporter, and as a dramatic critic, and later sets forth his contact with many men and many movements during and after the great war. But as a source book for historians who will tell the story of the Taft administration, many pages of the Hapgood reminiscences will be invaluable.

In these three books we have the background of the play staged by a perverse fate in the White House when the fury of the storm broke upon the dazed and unhappy figure of President Taft; the storm of popular wrath at what public sentiment genuinely believed was a betrayal of a public trust. We have here the characters for the play in the figures emerging from these three books; President Taft, who may be called the hero of the plot, Norman Hapgood, who might well be called public

action, fast and climactic, closed with an unhappy ending. President Taft, going into the White House with the confidence and acclaim of his country, left the White House a one-term President, who had gone before the people for their approval and who had carried only two out of the forty-eight states, two of the smaller states indeed, Utah and Vermont.

* * *

Mr. Duffy, the President's biographer, tells his story of the tragedy with many significant omissions. He makes Gifford Pinchot the villain of the piece and in his biography we see Pinchot, Roosevelt's conservation leader in the Interior Department, plotting to trick and trap and overthrow President Taft. In the Duffy story we see a good, brave, noble man —and in truth Taft was that exactly—standing calm amid slings and arrows before the intriguing progressive friends of Colonel Roosevelt. We read a story here of ruthless ambition, men surrounding Pinchot who are in league to break the beautiful friendship between President Taft and former President Roosevelt. We see President Taft valiantly defending Secretary of the Interior Ballinger who for some trivial reason has incurred the enmity of Pinchot and of a number of the progressives in the Interior Department. We see this plot of Pinchot and his villains enmeshing the great and noble President like the snakes of Laocoön, pulling him down to heroic defeat.

Next we read the prosecutor's story. Mr. Hapgood was editor of *Collier's Weekly* when *Collier's Weekly* was a millitant progressive journal and when the progressives were called insurgents. *Collier's*, under Hapgood, was voicing public sentiment which in Congress overthrew Speaker Cannon. *Collier's* also directed its shafts at the White House and was one of the contributing agencies that brought President Taft to grief. Taft failed where he failed by virtue of his fault. Through the faults of his very virtues. It was inevitable that Taft should be pictured in the popular mind as the enemy of all that Roosevelt stood for. In the Hapgood story we hear the roar of public clamor beating upon the White House wave upon wave as one after another of the evidences of Taft's ineptitude at understanding public sentiment and directing its curves, came washing across his career. Mr. Duffy's story is melodramatic because it omits almost entirely reference to this public sentiment which doubtless President Taft's friends called public clamor and felt was manufactured and hence more or less negligible. But the public wrath vitalized this melodramatic skeleton story which Duffy relates and gave it power, changing the melodrama to a tragedy.

In the Hapgood narrative we see why Pinchot rose with his protest. He felt, and he persuaded the American people, and probably with truth, that Ballinger, the Secretary of the Interior, was issuing orders which would overthrow the Roosevelt policies, so far as they affected the conservation of the natural resources in the west and in Alaska, putting valuable timber and mineral claims into the hands of exploiters. Hapgood's brief contends that Pinchot was not a self-seeking, or fanatical intriguer, but was defending the country against the encroachments of those whose plans and plots were most unpatriotic. Hapgood makes readers who did not live in those days, understand how the people roused themselves and by the sheer force of their extra constitutional powers stopped what they believed was the Ballinger raid, overthrew Ballinger, and politically defeated President Taft. We read in the Hapgood story how the President took a memorandum prepared in Secretary Ballinger's office and made it the President's own and issued it post-dated as a defense of his Secretary of the Interior. The stenographer who took the dictation which the President used and the young lawyer in the Department of the Interior who dictated the statement both appeared on the stand and swore to the truth and made the President's denial seem perfidious when it was merely careless and easy going. Indeed, as one reads the Hapgood account of the swift drama of those days, one is inclined to feel with the contemporary spectators that the President cut a sad figure in the midst of those alarms.

* * *

It is in the story that Archie Butt tells that we find a nearer approach to the truth. Here for the first time we are behind the scenes in the White

comedy"; another, looking up, sees crass melodrama, villain and hero, amid the meaningless accidents of circumstance. But in Archie Butt's letters, covering the period from the inauguration of Taft in 1909 until the spring of 1912, we get a most human picture of a man out of his element, fighting awkwardly against he knows not what phantoms, battling bravely but foolishly against he knows not what fate. In the Butt Letters we see President Taft as he was. Senator Dolliver cruelly described him as "a large body surrounded by men who knew exactly what they wanted." Former President Roosevelt said: "Taft means well but he means well feebly." Both statements had a certain basis in fact but neither was justly true. From the Dolliver pronouncement we get the impression that Taft did not struggle to rid himself of the malevolent influences around him. From the Roosevelt jibe we might infer that Taft was a coward, that he surrendered complacently to the demands of marplots. From Major Butt's Letters we learn what a man he was, but how ill-fitted for the task before him. From out of the Butt book he emerges a truly tragic figure, a man who earnestly desired to do the right thing and who saw, even if through a glass darkly, where the right lay, but was bound by inner forces, a Prometheus to the rock of his own shortcomings, and could not rise and do battle effectively for the cause which was unquestionably near his heart.

In the public mind of that day, Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives figured as the President's evil geniuses. A large section of the American people saw in Cannon and Aldrich, two devils of conservatism chaining the man in the White House to their chariot and leading him their way. The Butt Letters make it plain that Taft distrusted both Cannon and Aldrich and disagreed with them deeply about public policies which he could not achieve. The Butt Letters also disclose the fact that President Taft as an administrator had no proper sense of the weakness and the strength of men, and established no methodical habits of industry. From these letters we know that the trouble with Taft as Chief Executive was that he was not vocal at a time when the people demanded not merely action but words; indeed when words were deeds and leadership required the dramatization of his cause through various speaking trumpets which always lie ready for a President's use. Behind the scenes with Major Butt in those times of stress President Taft is always saying: "But I can't be a Roosevelt. I must do these things in my own way."

The time demanded a Roosevelt, demanded dramatic leadership, and could not understand Taft nor follow one who could not explain himself as he went. Taft's administration was unpopular, not because it followed Roosevelt's, but because Taft cared nothing for popularity and thought his self-sufficiency a virtue. But alas, without popular support a President is powerless for righteousness before the mammon of unrighteousness. And what the people took for a complacent acceptance of the mammon of unrighteousness in the White House in Taft's day was really Taft's repugnance to popularity, his stubborn determination not to take the people into his confidence and explain his day's work as he did it. He felt it was enough to do a day's work. But unfortunately for one who would lead a Republic, the mere doing, unless accompanied by some sort of dramatization of the deeds, avails little. Leadership vanishes, power for righteousness disappears, and one is left not merely naked to one's enemies, but seemingly shameless and happy as he stands naked in their midst.

* * *

So it was with President Taft. His loyalty to President Roosevelt when he entered the White House was unqualified. His belief in the things which Roosevelt stood for, the Roosevelt policies, was sincere. His attempt to carry them forward was not a feeble gesture. He tried hard but he could not carry out the Roosevelt policies without the Roosevelt methods. For the methods and the policies were inextricably united.

Major Butt makes it clear how deaf President Taft was to public sentiment, how ineffective he was when he tried to talk with the American people. About all he could do during those four miserable years was to come out on the front porch of the White House and dumbly make faces at a hundred million people. At last they thought he was

: he was a vic-

it was all too

Butt reveal the

tragedy backstage so clearly that no enemy of President Taft's could read this story and withhold admiring pity for a man so miscast to play the role which fate assigned to him.

Of course, these three books focus on those years from 1909 to 1912. The light on those years comes from three diverse angles, through three separate lives. And before glowing at the focal point and after, two of the lives, those of Norman Hapgood and President Taft, went on other journeys, on other errands. Major Butt died before the campaign of 1912 was well begun, before Roosevelt broke publicly with Taft.

The biography of President Taft begins, as it should, with his ancestry, childhood, youth, and unfolds with his achievements in the Philippines and in the Roosevelt cabinet. And it ends in the Supreme Court. And Mr. Duffy, outside of the controversial matters, has made a fairly clear, reasonable picture of an amiable statesman. Posterity will see from Mr. Duffy's picture an understandable man. As a biographer, Mr. Duffy has left something to be desired in the way of shades in his portrait. His subject is a little too waxy, not quite human enough. His foibles have been slighted; his weaknesses ignored rather than justified and explained and made a part of his strength, as they certainly were.

Norman Hapgood tells his own story also from the beginning. And upon the whole his story is much more interesting in the earlier and later parts than it is in those days of stress and storm. Norman Hapgood's story of Harvard makes a beautiful picture, and his account of the adventure in peace with Wilson is a charming, illuminating narrative. Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, three presidents whose careers covered nearly two decades, touched Mr. Hapgood's life rather intimately. Roosevelt, he supported; Taft, he opposed; Wilson held him in high esteem, and Mr. Hapgood was as intimate with Wilson as any man dared be and live. His reports on Roosevelt and Wilson will be source stories for historians. They will know what manner of men these two great presidents were.

Also, Major Butt records affairs and goings-on in these letters of the Taft administration that have nothing to do with politics. There is a beautiful

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love affair recounted; society in Washington is sketched briefly, intimately, and sometimes gorgeously. Fair women and brave men frolic through these pages, who have little to do with politics but who reveal dramatically the temper and character of the time. Major Butt knew that he was writing a memoir. It was a conscious effort. He says so. He is addressing posterity. He is a Pepys, who knows that he is a messenger boy whose message will be delivered after he is dead. And he has written honestly, as honestly as a man can who has that point of view.

The three books, taken together, make a composite picture of a most interesting day in our national life. Each separately is worth while.

A Fateful Six Weeks

THE COMING OF THE WAR: 1914. By BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by CARLTON J. H. HAYES
Columbia University

FROM a protracted and painstaking study of the whole mass of private memoirs and public documents now available is derived this latest and fullest story of the international diplomacy which immediately preceded the outbreak of the World War. Two of its chapters deal in fairly general terms with "the European system" and "the Near East," but twenty others describe in great detail, with copious extracts from the sources and with a multitude of annotations, the actual negotiations during the brief but most fateful period of six weeks. It is, then, thorough. It is also clear and readable. And it is sane and essentially sound.

Professor Schmitt occupies middle ground between those war-time protagonists of the Allied cause who used to attribute sole war guilt to Germany and Austria and those extreme "revisionists" who have latterly argued that Germany was but a scapegoat for the sins of MM. Sasonov and Poincaré and even of Sir Edward Grey and President Wilson. His middle-of-the-road position is not likely to thrill the large number of readers who perceive in every conflict a struggle between black and white, between devils and angels, and who expect their historical writers to set off at least a few bombs in behalf of the angels, but it is the position to which the evidence in the case will pretty conclusively impel the judicious reader. The time has passed for depicting one set of belligerents as white and the other as black. There is ample proof that in July, 1914 all Europe was gray.

Of course Professor Schmitt is one with such moderate "revisionists" as Gooch, Renouvin, and Fay in showing that no Government "willed" to precipitate a general war, that the French exercised no more restraint on Russia than the Germans exercised on Austria, that M. Sasanov as well as Herr von Jagow was a liar, that general mobilization was proclaimed in Russia prior to its proclamation in Germany or Austria, and that it was the system of alliance rather than the wickedness of any statesman which engulfed the Great Powers in war. Nor is he under any illusion as to the initial difficulty between Austria and Serbia; he relentlessly exposes the rottenness of the Serbian Government and the black-hand methods of Serbian nationalist propaganda; he makes plain that Austria had very real grievances against Serbia.

Yet, on the whole, Professor Schmitt convinces himself, and, by calm citation of chapter and verse, reinforces the belief of others, that there was more "grayness" in the Governments of the Central Empires than in those of the Entente Powers. Austria had real grievances against Serbia, but she sought to redress them in her own way, in full recognition that thereby she might encounter the active opposition of Russia. The German Government—Emperor, Chancellor, Foreign Minister, and Chief of Staff—accepted at the outset the Austrian program and promised to support it, cost what it might; German efforts to "restrain" Austria were thenceforth half-hearted; and proof is adduced that Austria, despite military unpreparedness and the opposition of her own Chief of Staff, speeded up her declaration of war against Serbia "in order to please the German Government." It was the Austro-German resolution and solidarity, then, which made possible the outbreak of war between Austria and Serbia, and threatened a general European war. For Russia had decided and announced that she would resist by force any attempt on the part of Austria to diminish or unduly humiliate Serbia, and Russia's mobilization, no matter how sinister the process by which it was accomplished, was but the natural and necessary reply to Austrian aggression. Besides, Russian mobilization did not mean immediate hostilities; negotiations might have continued. But the conclusion is unescapable that the [German] decision for war . . . was made on July 30, on the basis of the Russian partial mobilization and at least twelve hours before news was received of Russian general mobilization; and Germany, once mobilized, could not afford to wait. Hence, Germany must bear a greater responsibility than Russia for the extension of the Austro-Serbian conflict to the dimensions of a World War. France merely did what she had promised to do in such a contingency, and England was induced by the German violation of Belgian neutrality to do what Sir Edward Grey wanted her to do "for her own interests." It appears that William II, unlike Jagow and Moltke, had previously become considerably alarmed lest England might join Russia and France and had accordingly wavered in his resolution to support Austria, but at the end he was "too rattled" to exert decisive influence on the course of events.

There are details of this work to which exception may be taken. To the present reviewer, at any rate,

the lack of adequate police protection for the Archduke Francis Ferdinand on his fatal trip to Sarajevo is less plausibly explained by repetition of gossip that high Austrian officials wished to get rid of him than by recognition of the fact that officials might be stupid and bureaucrats might blunder. One may object, too, to the frequent use of the word "race" where nationality is meant. Especially may fault be found with an arrangement of material which puts the account of Austrian general mobilization on July 31 many pages and a whole chapter before the account of Russian general mobilization on July 30.

The work is distinctly pro-British and particularly apologetic for Sir Edward Grey. "If all the European governments had been as reasonable, there need not have been any war!" Which is probably true, but Great Britain, as Sir Edward himself said, had no such "vital interests" as the others. Sir Edward Grey was certainly a good man, and not at all to be blamed for what he could not help. Yet there appears and reappears throughout the long tale that Professor Schmitt tells the image of a man who was optimistic when he should have been pessimistic, who was silent when he should have spoken, who made many proposals when they were too late, and who, when the crisis was at its height, was "gone to the country for the week-end." "Unlike his continental colleagues, who seemed reconciled to a general war, the idea was abhorrent to the Englishman"; yet this same Englishman "was perpetually anxious that Great Britain should not remain neutral." Perhaps there was a bit of truth, as well as much malicious hatred, in the Kaiser's comment on Grey, "slippery as an eel."

Professor Schmitt's work is really monumental. It leaves little more to be said about the pre-war diplomacy of July, 1914—unless, of course, revolutionary disclosures should yet be made from European archives. Nevertheless, it must be pointed out, as Professor Schmitt would doubtless be the first to concede, that his work is almost wholly in the diplomatic field. He relates *what* the diplomats said and wrote to one another, but only incidentally *why* they said and wrote as they did. Yet it is difficult to understand "the coming of the war" without information of the economic and national pressures exerted upon diplomats and statesmen by newspapers and associations and by class ambition and mass prejudice. If there was more of this in Professor Schmitt's work we could more readily appreciate the basic issue of the World War, the problem of reconciling the aspirations of a vehemently nationalist Serbia with the rights of a rigidly imperialist Austria, and we would recognize the insolubility of the problem by men trained in traditional statecraft. Very much still remains to be done to clarify the fundamental causes of the War. We should be grateful to Professor Schmitt that he has done so much to clarify the attendant diplomacy.

The New Turkey

TURKEY FACES WEST. By HALIDÉ EDIB. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by NERMINE MOUVAFAC

WESTERNIZATION is a word that is lightly tossed about in speaking or writing of modern Turkey. It suggests sensational changes of headgear and alphabet, the sudden and unpremeditated evacuating of harems, and a few other picturesque measures intended to turn the Turk overnight from an Oriental into a European. In the longer portion of her new book, "Turkey Faces West," Halidé Edib Hanum attempts to show that the process of turning into a European has been much more subtle and has taken much more time than people seem to suspect. When the first small band of Turks landed on European shores, this process had potentially begun, for whatever their intentions may have been then they had placed themselves where "the gradual penetration of western culture and civilization" was inevitable. The systematic adoption of western methods began in 1774 when Turkey, defeated by one of the countries which she professed to despise, realized that if she was to hold her own with her neighbors she must be able to meet them on their own ground. The long story of how, having begun with military reforms, she found herself adopting political principles, cultural tendencies, and literary movements, until by the middle of the nineteenth century Namik Kemal, "the first conscious European Turk," had appeared, is briefly and clearly summarized in Halidé Hanum's pages.

Between the pre-western, or nomad Turk, and the modern Turk lies a composite individual known as the Ottoman. The Ottomans subordinated racial to theological characteristics and built their empire around religious rather than national groups. Their civilization was that of the Eastern Roman Empire, tinged with Islam. Halidé Hanum's attitude toward the Ottomans is typical of that of modern Turkish intellectuals. While giving them credit for their empire-building capacities she by no means glosses over the errors of which they have been guilty. Having outgrown their period of usefulness they lived on to impede the progress of the Turkish people. Eventually the question became one of the supremacy of the Ottoman Empire or of the Turkish nation. "The unworthy ghost of a once great empire had to give place to the young and vital reality of a state which had created itself" and which belonged, unquestionably, to Europe.

But Europe has not in the past shown a great desire to accept Turkey, and Halidé Hanum severely criticizes the duplicity which has characterized Western diplomacy, especially just before and after the war. The West, she says, dealt its own prestige a heavy blow by its repeated efforts to administer the wrong medicine to the Sick Man. "The intellectual and moral ascendency of Europe in the Near East, particularly in Turkey, was nearly wiped out because of her a-moral (not to say immoral) attitude in the Eastern Question, particularly in the years which led up to 1922." Elsewhere she quotes Lord Salisbury's words, "We have backed the wrong horse," and has but little praise for this Western idea of gambling. Evolution along Western lines is one thing, and practical relations with the West are another, and the Turks discovered at an early stage of the game that the golden rule is capable of a great deal of elasticity. In this, as in what she has to say of the Ottoman Empire, Halidé Hanum is stating the modern Turkish point of view.

The most vital section of the book is the one which deals with the new republic. Although she

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does not hesitate to criticize the present régime, Halidé Hanum is moderate and impersonal in tone and writes on the whole with fairness and discrimination of what has been accomplished during the last decade. But in dealing with a period of evolution that is still far from complete one is liable to make judgments which, in the light of unforeseen events, may need revision. A number of Halidé Hanum's statements are already out of date, and the developments in Turkey will make it necessary for her, as well as for other historians, to put a new interpretation on some of the events of the past. Certain it is that during the period which preceded the recent changes Turkey did not present the spectacle of a normal republic. It is just possible, however, that in her early days as a republic she was not ready for the political freedom which she welcomes now and that the government in power would have found it difficult—not to say impossible—to carry out its system of reforms if the conservative and reactionary elements in the country had been given a free hand. To this Halidé Hanum replies that the new Turkey was not born in a day and that the movement which began over a century ago would have doubtless reached its conclusion in another century or so. Her prediction is probably correct, but those who differ from her maintain that Turkey cannot afford to wait for spontaneous changes. The time is too short and the others too far ahead.

To-day a new political party has been formed and liberty of the press, if not actually given, has been taken. Several papers are criticizing the government, and criticizing it with effect. Already the minister of Justice, against whom public opinion was very strong, has been forced to resign, and the papers announce that four other ministers are following suit. As I write, the leader of the new Liberal Party is probably being elected deputy and he will soon be meeting Ismet Pasha in a series of attacks and counter-attacks. All of which would be irrelevant if it were not for the fact that these changes are not so abrupt as they may seem. No revolution has taken place. But the republic stands more firmly on its foundations and its citizens are more ready for democracy and political freedom. The question which Halidé Hanum asks in her concluding chapter is already almost answered. A few more turns of the wheel, and, there are reasons to believe, Turkey will have definitely steered itself onto a republican path.

One gathers from the book the impression that Halidé Hanum's ideal for her country is no other than this. She is herself a liberal-minded republican and would countenance no return to previous régimes, no matter how modified. One can reproach her only for the promptness she shows in believing that the more unfortunate aspects of the years 1925-1929 were meant to continue *ad infinitum* and that Turkey's better days are still somewhere far away on the horizon. The future—the immediate future—will show whether her scepticism and her lack of faith in the leaders of Turkey are justified. But whatever the verdict may be then, she has written a book that is extremely interesting, both because it is a product of her own thinking and because, in its larger aspect and on essential points, it is representative of her countrymen's point of view. The disagreements that exist between her and them are superficial disagreements of party politics. Essentially she belongs to the new order of things, as has been proved by her share in the war which made the Turkey of today possible.

The New York *Herald Tribune* recently printed the following note: "Two men, pallbearers for O. Henry twenty years ago at the Little Church Around the Corner when a wedding party added an 'O. Henry touch' by nearly colliding with the funeral, joined yesterday afternoon with others to honor the chronicler of 'Bagdad on the Subway' as an oil portrait of the author, William Sydney Porter, was unveiled in the Episcopal Actors' Guild at the church.

"Dr. John Finley and Don C. Seitz, the speakers, recalled the funeral of June 7, 1910, when, as the bridal party had to be warned back from the curb as the funeral was in progress, Will Irwin, another pallbearer, remarked, 'Wouldn't O. Henry have enjoyed this?' "

John van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley," is coming to the United States on a visit this year. The scenes of several chapters of his new novel, "A Woman on Her Way," which is shortly to be published, are laid here.

The Rules of the Game

INTRODUCTION TO WALL STREET. By JOHN F. FOWLER, JR. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.50.

WHY YOU WIN OR LOSE. By FRED C. KELLY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by PAUL WILLARD GARRETT
Financial Editor, N. Y. *Evening Post*

WRITTEN independently from entirely different points of view these two little books supplement each other in rounding out all the equipment theoretically necessary to make money in Wall Street.

Boiled down to a word Fowler introduces you to the mechanical tools and Kelly teaches how to use them. With all the knowledge of terms, financial jargon, and market technique, supplied in "Introduction to Wall Street," no man could consistently invest his funds successfully without a little bit of philosophy. This set of the mind so essential in speculation is given in "Why You Win or Lose."

Mr. Fowler's contribution to the financial literature of the day is the compilation between two covers of almost every term likely to confront a speculator or investor on his initiation into the market. To a seasoned Wall Streeter it will seem just a little elemental.

And we wonder whether it does not plunge the beginner into the lesson with a feeling that his schoolmaster is talking down to the class. But if the book reads in spots like a textbook it carries the virtue of completeness. For Mr. Fowler here strings on one thread all the gems of information you need to operate in the market or to join in the sophisticated market discussion of any American dinner table.

But the possession of these fine tools will not help you carve out a fortune unless you use them properly. And the proper way to make them do what you want is to figure out what the crowd is doing in the market and then go do the opposite.

That is about all Fred C. Kelly says in his interesting, if repetitious, "Why You Win or Lose," but he says it so well you begin to wonder that so obvious a truth had gone undiscovered.

Essentially what he says is that most men never get up their courage until the market is booming, prices soaring, and everything looks promising. By that time the insiders are unloading.

Here is Mr. Kelly's graphic description of the average man's performance in an advancing market:

> Buys timidly at first, very little, if any, at low prices, but gains confidence as advance continues and buys more. He takes small profits, but noting that stocks still advance, he is sorry he sold and buys same stock back higher up. This time he determines to get more profits, but waits too long to sell, and sees prices decline. Then he mistakes each lower price for a bargain and buys more to average up. Later, when financial pages are full of discouragement and stocks have touched bottom, he gets scared and sells entire holdings for less than lowest price he paid.

The Youth of Chemistry

CRUSADERS OF CHEMISTRY. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERNARD JAFFE
Author of "Crucibles"

HERE is the story of early chemistry covering a time range of about six hundred years, from the birth of Roger Bacon in 1214 to the death of Lavoisier in 1794. Stating in his foreword that the book is "a study of six men whose lives are red-letter pages in the history of science," Mr. Leonard proceeds to give the lives and achievements of Roger Bacon, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Robert Boyle, Joseph Priestley, Henry Cavendish, and Antoine Lavoisier.

In a breezy style, racy enough to arrest and hold the attention of the layman, the author paints a picture of Doctor Mirabilis in his laboratory at Oxford entrusting his precious *Opus Majus* to his pupil Peter, who is to carry it secretly to Pope Clement IV in Rome. Ten years later Friar Bacon, now an old man, condemned as a heretic and sentenced to prison, dramatically passes on his manuscripts which contain the only light in that period of darkness.

A sketchy account is then given of Nicholas Flammel of Paris, a pious man, one of that queer band of alchemists who lived during the fifteenth century. A clear, sympathetic description of the origin and vicissitudes of alchemy points to the conclusion that alchemy kept science alive. Leonard treats more than fairly of this great quest, for out of the murk, the mystery, and dross of the fanatical search for the Philosopher's Stone modern chemistry was born.

The figure of a vile-mouthed, fitful, fearless crusader in the person of Theophrastus Paracelsus, the Luther of Medicine, stalks across the pages of the next chapter. The battle of this Swiss reformer against ignorance and the Galenic physicians is drawn with vivid effect. It was Paracelsus who turned the line of march of the alchemists from gold-seeking and the *elixir vitæ* to the curing of the ills of mankind with chemicals. He brought to a hopeful close the age of frenzied alchemy.

Robert Boyle, to whom the English still cling as the Father of Modern Chemistry with as much fervor as the French revere Lavoisier, is subjected to a searching psychoanalytical study as a man torn between the blind faith of religion and the cold logic of scientific truth. Mr. Leonard recalls his two lasting contributions to the progress of science—his researches on the behavior of gases (Boyle's Law), and his first clear definition of the chemical element.

A little less than half the book remains to discuss the Chemical Revolution and its chief actors—the English dissenting minister who discovered oxygen, the eccentric English misanthrope (a human measuring machine), who discovered the composition of water, and the "Grand Seigneur of Chemistry," as Mr. Leonard calls him, Antoine Lavoisier, who gave the world its first true explanation of burning. As chemistry comes of age the book ends.

In his introductory chapter, "The Battlefield," Mr. Leonard says, "There'll be a great deal about religion in the following chapters for the chemists up to the end of the eighteenth century had to fight with the Church for every inch of ground." His promise is zealously carried out, but his evidence is very thin. For while none will deny the strangling influence of the Church on men like Galileo, Giordano Bruno, and Vesalius, few cannot but insist that it was in the realms of astronomy and medicine rather than in chemistry or physics that religious opposition was manifest. The heliocentric view of the universe was a positive threat against the power of the Church, but it takes a wide stretch of the imagination to declare that the Papacy was at all alarmed at the new discoveries in chemistry or the birth and death of phlogiston. The whole history of chemistry was filled with controversial conflicts, but the crash and wreck of fallen philosophies was the work of natural philosophers and not churchmen, and if the Church sent its deadly batteries against every front of science, that of chemistry was the least attacked as it was the least menacing.

It was Mr. Leonard's intention to portray a few dramatic episodes in the lives of some of the early prophets of the scientific method. This he has done well. Nothing further need be claimed for the book.

"Byron," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "though he sneered at many other British institutions, seems to have retained a truly John-Bullish hankering after roast goose at Michaelmas. Countess Guiccioli records how one year, in Venice, the poet bought a goose early in August with the idea of hand-feeding it in readiness for September 29. Sentiment, however, interfered with the plan, for he and the bird became so attached that when Michaelmas arrived he could not bear the thought of killing it. He bought another bird for his table, and had a cage made for the pet goose, which he suspended under his carriage when he traveled."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe. XIV.

I DON'T want to be misconceived. The Empire State Building means as much to me as any number of old London pubs and churches. That high consummation of unbelief, modestly underdescribed by its artificers as "An office building of character," makes a day in New York seem all morning. It holds the sunlight later than it ever stayed before. You come out of the Penn Station and pass along 32nd Street, and then, even if your thoughts were on the ground, you are aware of a new presence. Your eyes are lifted up by that amazing crag. Pale and sharp-cut, Euclidean paradise of solids, veined with parallels of silver, it stands against clear heaven; a mountain made by hands. It seems impossible. The chalky summit of Lear is a molehill to it. Edgar was dizzy to observe the dreadful trader who gathered samphire on the cliff; what would he think of that scaffold, some eight hundred feet aloft, where men work daily. "Ten masts at each make not the altitude." This is indeed New York's own Shakespeare Cliff. I wish Bill could have seen it. It would be fun to quote Cleopatra to him—"My country's high pyramides," giving the word the four syllables he would expect. Perhaps he would answer by a very different heroine: "O brave New World that has such people in't."

Across the street from that office-building of character, Mr. I. Miller allures the customer known as Milady with slippers of Greekish shape. "The glory that was Greece comes to shoedom," his poster says. Which delights me also. Every man in his humor, and this affiche is as native to I. Miller as the Spartan understatement to Colonel Starrett. But because the huge sparkling upwards of Starrett makes me fear to die and miss so much future, I am not less happy with St. Bride's small turreted spire off Fleet Street.

Thinking of the vanished Waldorf, I wonder whether the new leviathan construction has spared the old letter-box that stood on Fifth Avenue just outside the hotel. It was there that Mistletoe used to mail his manuscripts in the exciting days when he and J. D. K. and I lived together at 149 Madison Avenue. The first poem he ever sold to a New York editor was mailed in that box, and gave him a hopeful notion that envelopes dropped there might be lucky. What became, I wonder, of Will Low's painted ceiling of Cupids in the old Marie Antoinette room of the Waldorf, the usual rendezvous of two young people in the noble winter of 1913-14—the last winter of the pre-War world.

* * *

Is it needful to remind ourselves that this, now, is perhaps also pre-War? I hear occasional rumor among thoughtful men that the world's fightings are not over. It will be a while yet before people forget; I do not suppose anything ecumenically serious is likely to emerge for—well, what shall we say? a decade? a generation? But now is the time to be thinking against it. I read that Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee is spending nearly a million dollars on a new factory for genuine beer, so as to be ready if and when the brew begins. Similarly the League of Nations is patiently installing its machinery for brewing a little international good sense against emergencies. Both deserve encouragement. Neither War nor wood-alcohol help very much.

Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, by the way, seems to be partly a satire against the attempt to enforce impossible laws. (It has been said that Prohibition's only achievement has been to move the corner saloon to the middle of the block.) In spite of the Duke's disclaimer in his opening speech, "Of government the properties to unfold" is exactly the theme of the play, which can well be examined as a grammar of political science. What platinum shrewdnesses:—

> We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
> Setting it up to fear [frighten] the birds of prey
> And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
> Their perch and not their terror.

The law having been scarecrowed, "athwart goes all decorum." That sounds contemporary enough. And the counsel of Pompey the bootlegger to Madam Overdone (the racketeer of a love-easy) is just what every bootlegger of today knows true: "Though you change your place you need not change your trade." C. E. Montague's witty story *My Friend the Swan* (in "Fiery Particles") describes how profitable Shakespearean quotations can be to an advertising agency. Just so I hope yet to persuade a friend of mine, an illegitimate vintner in the Forties, to rubricate over his bar the martial line from *Antony and Cleopatra*, "I have yet room for six scotches more."

* * *

One of the pleasantest things about Shakespeare (and about ourselves) is how often, going ahead with our notions in our own secret way, we find presently that he had done it all before. Once Mistletoe wrote a scene which used for comedy that poor creature the stewed prune. That, he thought, was surely his very own. And then, long later, reading *Measure for Measure* for the first time, he found (Act II, Scene 1) that apparently the prune was cue for a laugh even in 1600. There are always new sadnesses, but how few new jokes. How many of those who saw the play *After Dark* as revived in Hoboken, and were pleased by its subtitle *Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow*, realized that the latter phrase was a quotation from Shakespeare. Mistletoe didn't; he thought he had made it up himself. But see *Measure for Measure*, V, 1. So you can take the commonest most diurnal experiences known to all—the sight of someone fainted on the street and the samaritan attempt to push back the curious and give the victim breathing-space; or the pricking qualm of one who has crushed a fly or beetle; or a toothache, or a grain of dust in the eye; or—go humbler yet—the economical salvage of broken meats after supper; you will find that our Friend the Swan has noted the form and pressure of them all. Even the Long Island commuter, when he takes that horribly overpassengered 5:33, may have found himself wishing to petition the railroad, as Goneril did Lear, "a little to disquantity your train." But Mistletoe's happiest adventure in *sortes Shakespearianae* was when he was fired from a newspaper and was able, just before it was too late, to find *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, Scene 1, line 37. He once said to himself, when caught soliloquizing, that he had had every experience that is possible in the world of words, for he had been writer, publisher, lecturer, editor, bookseller, reporter, columnist, librarian, dramatist, manager; even (in a manner of speaking and God save the mark) actor, parson, and professor. But the greatest of these was to have the newspaper presses stopped to take out an allusion to Shakespeare.

* * *

If you begin reading Shakespeare at the beginning—that is, in the play he is credibly supposed to have written first, *Love's Labor's Lost*—you need travel no further than ten lines to find a phrase leaping out to show the imperial color of his ink. "The huge army of the world's desires." He seems to have expressed them all. How good it is to remember that he had his moments when he groaned for "this man's art and that man's scope."

Yet any student in his senses remains far enough this side idolatry. Up to the present time there still remain a number of the plays I have never been able to read through, probably never shall. Once, led on by the raving of the frolic madman Swinburne, I tried to read *Cymbeline*, "the play of plays" that honeyed extravaganzist called it. If you want to see an aesthetic bachelor in a fine frenzy, hear Swinburne on Imogen—"the immortal godhead of womanhood, the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time." In the earlier acts I found much that was pleasing; I approved even goodfornothing Cloten for his fondness of bowling; the bedroom scene kept me alert; Cymbeline's defiance of Rome was good groundling stuff, and the luring of Imogen into Wild Wales, though sheer nonsense, is Good Theatre. But the business of the exchanged clothes and the headless body was too much for me. When I found Imogen (immortal godhead of womanhood) burying the body of her supposed husband "to keep it from the flies," I was finished. Anyone who can read beyond that, save for purposes of mere pedantry, is a better soldier than I. Of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* I confess I shall never remember much but the enchanting scene of the letter, and the clown and his dog. It amused me to note that it was a comedian and his dog who most disturbed the critics in the Hoboken revival of *The Black Crook*, that faithfully Shakespearean pantomime. But probably nothing that has happened since 1603 was ever so gorgeously, grotesquely and merrily Elizabethan in spirit as the whole Hoboken rumpus. The complete history of it would take long to tell, but there were people there who, without ever having read a line of Shakespeare, were closer to him than whole universities of dons. Even the food and drink in Hoboken were Elizabethan. It used to be odd to see marinierte herring and Moselblumchen on the board together. It was that very combination—"pickled herrings and Rhenish"—that killed poor Bob Greene in 1592. The polite comment would be that we must all win our groatsworth of wit with a million of repentance. But sometimes the figures are reversed.

Any play with twins in it is likely to annoy me. Twins are often very charming, but Shakespeare, who fled from Stratford after the birth of his own, need not have made a hobby of them for plot purposes. Even *Twelfth Night*, most reputable of the Gemini plays, scarcely deserves all its renown. Its contemptuous subtitle suggests what the author thought of the wearisome 5th act. Throughout the plays there are plenty of reservations to be made; there are many scenes when one shares the mood of Sly the tinker: " 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done." Ben said it first and best: there were times when Shakespeare should have been stopped. "Sufflaminandus erat"—he needed someone to put on the brakes. We like him all the better for it.

I think it was Beverley Nichols who used to tell the story of a tedious woman who insisted on boring a modern Elizabeth (Lady Russell) with excessive details of some military hero. "And can you imagine, he was wounded in sixteen places." Lady Russell's reply was final. "I didn't know men had so many places." Shakespeare had all the places there are. That is why, in a queer stupid way, one feels that almost any man's life, intuitively written, would serve as the biography of Shakespeare of whom we know nothing. We know him as we know none but the gods—only by their works. The fashionable comment is that he was always a great poet but only occasionally a great dramatist. The best way it has ever been said is by Don Marquis quoting the reminiscence of the Mermaid Tav parrot via archy the roach—

> oh says bill to think i am
> debasing my talents with junk
> oh god what i wanted
> was to be a poet
> and write sonnet serials
> like a gentleman should

* * *

Because England is a small country, very beautiful, and an island, poets have had special tenderness for her; her own pens have always been able to idealize her as the Elizabethans did the Queen. That loving sense of limit, of boundary, of circuit, is a great pleasure to the imagination. I can feel it in Manhattan, where zealots never forget her rivers. I know it well on Long Island. It is strange to consider that probably millions of people have never experienced that geographical luxury. (Walter de la Mare's fine book *Desert Islands* suggests it with great skill.) Shakespeare was notably sensitive to the islandishness of England. He could carry the feeling both inward and outward in the physical scale. He could perceive it in the circular microcosm of his theatre— "this wooden O" as he called it—and then expand the same metaphor to the whole planet, "the little O, the earth." Perhaps it was not mere chance that the last and deepest of his plays, deeper than plummet's sounding, was laid on a desert island, and suggested by the Virginian voyages. It is true that the only American in his works—Caliban—was not a promising specimen.

But we left Lagonda waiting for us at the bottom of Essex Street—

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

According to a dispatch to the New York *Times* a fund has been established in Weimar, Germany, for the erection of a memorial to be known as the Temple of the Letter in honor of Gutenberg's discovery of movable type. The memorial, the cornerstone of which it is planned to lay in 1940, the fifth centenary of his invention, will be placed over Gutenberg's grave at Mainz. It is planned to enlist international coöperation for the building of the temple, which is intended to constitute evidence of the world's gratitude to the father of books, magazines, and newspapers. The movement was initiated by the Society of Bibliophiles of Weimar.

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Salute to Virgil

VIRGIL MOSAIC IN THE BARDO MUSEUM.

VIRGIL, whose second millennial is being celebrated all over the world, was born to write epic. His countrymen were an epic race, impressed with the dignity of their traditions and accustomed in early times, the elder Cato tells us, to hear the glorious deeds of their ancestors proclaimed at banquets by minstrels. Perhaps Niehbuhr and Macaulay go too far in reconstructing a golden age of the primitive ballad, but some such poetry there must have been and its spirit is not ignobly rendered into modern terms in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." The more the critical investigator detracts from the veracity of early Roman history, the more he adds to the imaginative resources of the ancient Romans. Splendid poetic material abounded in the old legends and later was wrought into actual poetry by various writers, among whom the historian Livy should be numbered. The crowning achievement in this effort of a race to set forth epically its past and its ideals belongs to Virgil. He stands on the crest of the hill.

Epic poets had been before him and epic poets in plenty followed him. The work of his predecessors was overladen with history. Ennius, despite his flashes of genius and his sturdy Roman sentiment, works toilsomely and often prosaically with crude material. Even from his fragments we may infer the scope of his whole poem and find it well named "Annales." The work of Virgil's successors is overladen with rhetoric. With Virgil and Ovid to teach them, they have mastered all the tricks of the trade; they can turn the proper simile and learnedly adjust their divine machines. We would gladly surrender Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus, and Statius for a complete copy of the "Annales," leaving Lucan to represent the rhetorical epic at its best and its worst. Virgil came at the favored moment or, rather, created it. Absorbing his country's history into the mythical and ideal, he gave it a typical and permanent expression; studying the old masterpieces reverently and submitting to the conventions of the schools, he yet achieved new creations in a delicate and impressionistic art. His success made emulation tempting to many and possible only to a few.

The poet was born in 70 B. C. in a humble village of Andes, probably the modern Pietole, a few miles south of Mantua. His father, for whose name there is no sure tradition, was either a potter or the hired man of a petty official named Magius, whose daughter Magia Pollia he married. Shortly before her child came into the world, the ancient biographer Donatus says, the good woman dreamed that she bore a laurel bough which when it touched the earth, waxed at once into a mighty tree, laden with blossoms and fruit. The next day, when with her husband she was trudging along the country road, she stopped of a sudden and was delivered of the child in a ditch. The branch of poplar, planted according to the custom of the country folk in token of the birth, grew rapidly to a mature height and was widely known as "Virgil's Tree." The infant uttered never a cry, but looked about him with a mild effulgence that indubitably portended high destiny. Virgil, ushered into the light in this lowly fashion, lived to write perhaps the most aristocratic verse that the world has ever seen. But he never looked down upon his origin or failed to extol, in his latest as in his earliest works, the wholesome virtue of simplicity well typified in country life.

The lad received a varied education. He attended a country school at Cremona till his fifteenth or his seventeenth year, when he assumed the toga virilis. Thence he went to Milan and shortly thereafter to Rome, where his most noted teachers were the Epicurean philosopher Siro and the rhetorician Epidius. He included medicine in his programme and devoted himself with special zeal to mathematics. For Virgil, like all ancient—though not some modern—humanists, could harmonize poetry and science; indeed for a brief period, he committed himself heart and soul to science. His profession was the law; for the soldier's life, the other normal career of the young Roman of family or ambition, he had no inclination. He soon abandoned law as well. He appeared in court once and only once. For he was slow of speech, a contemporary informs us, and almost boorish in appearance. Poetry, in which he had dabbled in his school days, opened a surer avenue to fame.

After various preludes and experiments, Virgil turned to pastoral poetry. The "Bucolics," written between the years 42 and 38, or thereabouts, were partly occasioned by the disturbances in the Mantuan district, where the victors of Mutina and Philippi had assigned land to their veterans. When the property of Virgil's father was thus confiscated, or in danger of confiscation, the poet found a particular champion in Asinius Pollio to whom, with others, he made ample amends in the homage of the "Bucolics." Octavian and Mæcenas were the last in this series of patrons. The "Georgics," written between 37 and 30, is dedicated, in different ways, to them both. From his friends and patrons, the poet received the tidy sum of ten million sesterces, about five hundred thousand dollars, and had a house on the Esquiline near the gardens of Mæcenas. But he did not care for Rome; he preferred his quiet retreats by the bay of Naples or in Sicily. Whenever he chanced to come to town, and bystanders pointed out the famous bard, he would make for the nearest doorway; this anecdote, so true to Virgil's temperament as his poetry reveals it, would almost induce us to accept everything else that the ancient biographer tells of him. The "Æneid," the achievement toward which the poet's genius had ever tended, was begun about the year 30.

In the year 19, the fifty-second of his life, Virgil took his poem to Greece, meaning to give it the final touches there, and to devote his remaining days to philosophy. But meeting Augustus in Athens, homeward bound after journeying in the east, Virgil decided to return with him. A fatal visit to Megara on a hot day induced an attack of malaria. The illness increased during the voyage and a few days after landing at Brundisium, the poet died, on the twentieth of September, 19 B. C. He had left instructions with the poets Varius and Lucca to burn the "Æneid," to us a work of exquisite art of which even the unfinished edges are delightful, but to the sensitive artist himself, a statue not yet chiseled out in every part, and therefore meet for the flames. Virgil had also, after the precedent of the great Ennius, written his epitaph, which somehow seems too prosaic, not to say telegraphic, for the full Virgilian style.

Mantua me genuit: Calabri rapuere: tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.*

His bones were buried in Naples hard by the road to Pozzuoli. The traditional site of his tomb is visited by the devout today and still awaits the archæologist's spade. Probably the digging should be undertaken under the water by the bay nearby.

Such, briefly, is Virgil's career. I would put into special prominence the epic quality of his temperament, first making clear what I mean by this term. The "Century Dictionary," adapting Aristotle to modern needs, defines epic as "an heroic poem, narrating at length and in metrical form as a poetic whole, with subordination of parts, a series of heroic achievements or of events under supernatural guidance." But the epic spirit may manifest itself in flashes, in the course of any poem of a different sort. Dante's "Divine Comedy" is not an epic, but the stories of Paolo and Francesca, of Ulysses and of Ugolino in the "Inferno," have the surge of epic narrative and are modelled in places on the "Æneid." To frame a definition that will include such passages as these, we may perhaps call epic, "poetic narrative ennobled," leaving the poet to select his heroes and to magnify what he will.

If woodland be our song, then let the woods
Be worthy of a consul.

Virgil understood his own processes completely, and Calpurnius detected the flavor that he could not reproduce. For he calls Virgil

That seer divine whose oaten reed
Sounded the music of the lyre.

Various other pastoral singers tried to blow the same music from that reed, but it only gave forth scrannel puffings, until Milton in his "Lycidas" made it sound. This is Virgil's most significant innovation and his boldest.

Another of the poet's traits finds expression in what I would call the magic of his art. In the Dark and Middle ages, the poet Virgil was seen through a haze of romance. His reading of life was, with the help of allegory, magnified into omniscience, and he himself assumed the role of prophet, theologian, and wizard. Strange tales were told of his magical powers, and strange adventures were associated with his name. It is not my purpose to repeat these well-known fables, or to show—what sadly needs showing—that an eminent Italian authority has grossly exaggerated medieval credulity and misinterpreted the spirit in which the romance of Virgil was fashioned. I am concerned rather with the actual temperament of Virgil as set forth in his poetry, which for astounding feats of magic may challenge comparison with the wildest inventions of medieval myth.

THE art of magic, according to the "Oxford Concise Dictionary," derives in part from an "inexplicable, or remarkable influence producing surprising results," as when, we may add, an alchemist turns lead to gold, or a conjurer extracts alien objects from a hat, or Medea rejuvenates Æson by plunging him in a medicated bath—in a word, magic is the skilful and unanalyzable transformation of one substance into another. How truly Virgil had this power we appreciate only when we examine in some detail the diverse elements of which his poetical creations are composed. And this means a study of his literary sources.

No study of the workings of a poet's mind should be attempted today without much pondering of that remarkable book by John Livingston Lowes, "The Road to Xanadu." With the help of Coleridge's notes on his own reading and after much traveling in the realms through which the poet's inquisitive mind had wandered, Mr. Lowes has set forth with an uncanny and indisputable exactness the mental processes that preceded the creative act; the adventures of Mr. Lowes, his intellectual voyages from China to Peru and from the Golden Age to the present time, are hardly less exciting than those of the ancient mariner himself. Virgil's notebooks have disappeared, but he, too, had a "falcon eye" that pounced on rare matter for poetry in the multitudinous things that he read. He, too, had a "deep well" of retentive memory in which diverse impressions were stored; for those ancient wells, sunk before the invention of printing had brought bane as well as blessing to the world, were roomier and deeper than those of the modern mind. The same mysterious, unconscious union of impressions must likewise have gone on in that deep well, whence the shaping spirit of the poet's imagination drew what he demanded from the chaos, and moulded it into perfect art.

Not all of Virgil is perfect art. A poet may conceive a great plan; he may jot down in a notebook, or immediately consign to the deep well of memory, images or designs of poetic significance, which there await the flash of creation that never comes. In-

* Mantua brought me to birth and Calabria snatched from the living;
Naples entombs me; I sang pastures and cornland and arms.

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by E. K. Rand

stead, the poet draws them out before the time and arranges them in a seemly order that lacks the magic touch. This, in the phrase of Mr. Lowes, is "joiner's work," which may be found in abundance in the minor poems ascribed to Virgil. Assuming, on good ancient evidence, their genuineness, we may trace in them the growth of a poetic genius, not forgetting the prayer of a witty post-prandial orator that it would be a graceful tribute on Virgil's birthday to relieve him of the authorship of at least some of them, and not forgetting either that the poet himself had left them unmentioned in his backward glances at his earlier works. For the moment, I am assuming, as I have assumed in an article written on this question over a decade ago, that most, if not all, of the works on the ancient list are genuine. I am aware of the difficulties in the way and wish to make quite plain the nature of the assumption and its consequences. The outcome is, briefly, that from the matter of these little poems one may construct a consistent picture of the development of the young poet's mind and thought before he achieved his first great work of art, the "Eclogues." This development may not be plotted too nicely or associated too closely with what little we know about his experience and his career. But the picture that may be formed is too striking and too plausible lightly to be thrown aside.

The art of the minor poems, with some significant exceptions, is crude. There is little magic there. That of the "Eclogues," is, in comparison, astonishing. Where had Virgil learned his art? Twelve years had elapsed since he wrote his schoolboy poem, and the twelve years from incipient youth to the flush of young manhood is a long time. The art of constantly retouching affects the poet's mind as well as his work; he retouches his temperament; he moulds it into a more delicate and responsive instrument, until it can produce spontaneously what once was the culmination of refining toil. Magic, like genius—if the definition in either case is not too frugally Scotch—is an infinite capacity for taking pains. At any rate we may say that a magician is made as well as born. Start such a process and a man's later art will bear slight resemblance to that which he first displayed. Who would have prophesied Schubert's final expression of his genius from the Mozartian Symphony in B flat major of his early youth? Who would have thought that the author of "Love's Labour Lost" would have lived to write "Hamlet?" Who would have prophesied that from the art of a "Culex" an "Æneid" would grow? Look backwards, however, from the "Æneid" or from the "Georgics" or from the "Eclogues" to Virgil's schoolboy poem, and upon his early work in general; you will find there what the author of the verses, appended to some of the minor poems, thought he found—the seeds of poetry divine, and the epic Muse breathing in diverse forms of verse:

> illius hæc quoque sunt divini elementa poetæ
> et rudis in vario carmine Calliope.

Varium carmen, diverse experiments, amid which are glimpses of a temperament essentially epic struggling for expression—somebody who knew Virgil wrote these words. The promises found in the minor poems are later fulfilled.

Virgil's master in the pastoral was Theocritus, a genius of a different order, to whom he dutifully and gladly paid the homage due to the greatest name among singers of the field and fold. The idylls of Theocritus were woven into the tissue of his mind. They lay in the deep well, along with the best of other poetry, Greek and Roman, and with visions of his native Mantua and the Brescian Alps, of the splendor of the bay of Naples, the river Galaesus, and the mountains of Sicily. Hero worship was also there, with a lineage of heroes—Pollio, the first, then Varus and Gallus, and last and not least, the godlike Octavian. The wrongs of his countrymen, ejected to make room for the veterans of Anthony and Octavian, were borne on his heart, and they mingled with the discordant pastoral scenes that his fancy was reshaping. There is, further, the surging prophecy of a new Rome under a new leader, the heir of all the ages and the ruler of a new and golden age. Here is tumultuous chaos, and from it there took form under the poet's creative touch an Arcadian fairyland, harmonious and real. The magic of the "Eclogues" would take a volume to unfold.

As Virgil wrote the closing lines of his "Georgics," some seven years later, he looked back, with an amused affection, to what he calls the youthful hazard of his "Bucolics"—

> carmina qui lusi pastorum audaxque inuenta
> Tityre te patulæ cecini sub tegmine fagi.

The "Bucolics" are, indeed, of a novel type, and one most hazardous for any save a magician. But the poem that he had just finished is no less daring. It is a poem on farming, eminently practical, full of sound precepts, and of delight in the dirty actualities of the soil. At the same time, in a way not yet adequately explained, it is a moral satire in which the larger ideas of the poem of Hesiod, who also was no simple farmer, are woven into a new design. It is a rhapsody with no touch of the sentimental. It is at once a tribute and a challenge to Lucretius, the master of his youthful mind. It is a philosophy of life, gained after turbulent reflections, and perhaps not permanently gained. It is a tract for the times, though, in no sense, a document of propaganda written to order. Rather it is a warning to the state and an exhortation to its ruler to establish the strength of Rome, as of yore, in industry, contentment, religion, and peace. It is finally, another bold flight into epic, in which the poet aspires to give the business of the farm a heroic setting—

> angustis hunc addere rebus honorem—

in sounding verse, the epic tone rising or falling as the theme requires, now thundering against the menace of war, now moving calmly on high levels as it proclaims the glory of the countryside divine, now gliding on with exquisite grace in the sprightly mock-heroic of the bees, and at last speaking out loud and bold in the story of Orpheus, as Virgil, knowing that the moment has come, meets Homer on his own ground. Here is diversity, incongruity enough, in the elements from which the poem is wrought, but only a golden harmony in the finished work. There are no patches here, purple or drab; there is no line, no word that does not play its part in a manual, and an epic, of farming. The "Georgics," as Dryden observed, displayed Virgil's most finished art. What magic had created, patient care wrought into perfection.

We have no ancient manuscripts preserved which, like the successive editions of "The Ancient Mariner," show where, and why the poet made over the verses that first had flashed from him. But again we have a precious bit of information preserved by the ancient biographer, who states that when Virgil was at work on the "Georgics" he would write a great many verses—*plurimos versus*—and spend the whole day in reducing them to as few as possible—*ad paucissimos*—"not ineptly remarking that in the manner of a mother bear he gave his poem birth and licked it into shape." Tennyson did not quite accurately describe

> Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
> At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
> To make them wealthier in his reader's eyes.

Virgil wrote more than ten lines at dawn—he wrote *plurimos versus* in the rush of inspiration. At the end of the day, some ten remained, all of burnished gold. Miracles are wrought not only by lightning stroke, but by patient mixing and remixing of the elements in a crucible.

Who shall set forth the magic of the "Æneid" in a page? It would take a magician to do it. The design of the epic of which from his boyhood the poet had dreamed, was of amazing proportions, and like all his works, replete with incongruities. A lucky chance shows us how the plan developed in his mind. He, first, as is set forth at the beginning of the third "Georgic," would build by the banks of his native Mincio a temple to the victor, his hero Octavian. He will write in his honor, he means, an epic poem to celebrate his triumphs. The poem is concerned, accordingly, with contemporary events. There is, to be sure, an inferno, designed for the enemies of state, and the lineage of the Julians is deduced from Troy; here is a tiny seed of mythology, from which the real poem was destined to grow. For, as it matured in his mind, the contemporary and historical elements withdrew to the background; the mythical and universal advanced to the fore. And yet the meaning of the poem is for Virgil's generation. Just as the subject of the "Georgics" is farming, although farming is glorified in its setting of ideals, so the subject of the "Æneid" is still the rule of Augustus, the hopes of Rome, the mission of the present age, seen however, from the remote past, *sub specie æternitatis*.

To form this design, much mellowing of the incongruous was needed in the deep well of the poet's mind. His sovereign master was Homer, whose verses none could steal, but there were minor masters of the epic and the epyllion to whom he turned, notably, Apollonius Rhodius, and Catullus, and Father Ennius. Furthermore, the dramatic poets —and not Æschylus alone—had taken slices from the Homeric feast. The characters of ancient epic had played their part in tragedy. It was through a tragic atmosphere that Virgil looked back at Homer. Tragedy is an essential part of Virgil's poem—he was forever joining together what critics would keep asunder. He was confronted, also, with a tangled mass of tradition, partly preserved for us by the historians and the ancient commentators on his poems, and all this he had to unfashion and remould. Yes, much was stirring in the deep well.

We forget, sometimes, that the "Æneid" did not, like the "Georgics," receive the poet's finishing touch. He had taken the poem with him to Greece; in violet-crowned Athens or on the coast of Asia, he would bring it to perfection, devoting three years to the task. His plans changed when he met Augustus there, and his change of plans meant the fatal visit to Megara and his death. Why did he wish to burn his masterpiece? It had meant a mighty wrestling with the magic art. He had written Augustus, when half-way along in his task, that it was well-nigh in a fit of insanity—*paene vitio mentis*—that he had attempted it. Doubtless his confidence was stronger when he had finished what we have today; yet he knew that some joiner's work was still there, some scaffolding that awaited the solid columns. There were the truncated verses. There were the inconsistencies in the plot. There were the battle scenes, as bloodthirsty as his tender conscience would allow. And there was the pious Æneas. The poet knew what he had meant to make of him, but would the reader see? Three years of Athens and the cities of Asia. Golden mornings undisturbed. More acts of magic, transforming a word, a line, a book. But that was not to be. Virgil lies on his deathbed. Well, burn the poem then. What, the Emperor forbids? Then let true poets, Varius and Tucca, take the work in hand, if they will have their way. They may cut it, for he would have cut—but let them not emend. Leave the rude work to be called, with its imperfections, his own.

It were ungracious on Virgil's birthday to point these imperfections out—ungracious to him and probably unkind to ourselves. Many critics who have been most alive to Virgil's defects have written their own sentence. Like the emenders of texts of whom Quintilian speaks, *dum poetae insectari volunt inscientiam suam confitentur*. It is a more profitable pastime to train ourselves to the detection of magic in the "Æneid" as in Virgil's other works. A plenty of magic, of more than medieval magic, remains.

* * *

E. K. Rand, author of the foregoing article, is professor of Latin at Harvard University and a past president of the Medieval Academy of America and of the American Philological Society. Among his published works are "Founders of the Middle Ages," and "The Quest of Virgil's Birthplace."

A fuller exposition by the author, of the quality designated in this paper as Virgil's magic appears in the October number of The Classical Journal, *which is devoted entirely to essays by various writers on Virgil. A more elaborate treatment of Virgil's magic was presented in lectures on the Harris Foundation recently given at Northwestern University. These lectures will form part of a book, "The Magical Art of Virgil," to be published by the Harvard University Press.*

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Books of Special Interest

Before and After Taking

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, THE FAITH AND ITS FOUNDER. By LYMAN P. POWELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

MARY BAKER EDDY. A Life Size Portrait. By LYMAN P. POWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

WILL the wonders connected with Mrs. Eddy never cease? If Edwin Franden Dakin, author of "Mrs. Eddy: the Biography of a Virginal Mind," the book which the Christian Science church sought last fall to suppress, should now produce the most laudatory picture of Mrs. Eddy ever penned, one would, presumably, be surprised. The surprise will hardly be less if one compares two biographical accounts of Mrs. Eddy written by the Reverend Lyman P. Powell, Episcopal clergyman of New York City. In 1907 Mr. Powell wrote a book on Christian Science in which, with none of Mr. Dakin's psychological insight, he denounced the founder of "this crude faith, which is repudiated with indignation by historic Christianity and with contempt by science." But some time after the publication of Mr. Dakin's book, the Directors of the Mother Church conferred with Mr. Powell, or he with them,—it is difficult to determine from his account which party took the initiative—and on their agreement to throw open to him the archives of the church, he undertook to write the biography which is now characterized by the publishers as "in no wise official." As in this new work Mr. Powell does not repudiate his earlier venture but on the contrary mentions it to quote an innocuous passage, the critic is left to reconcile Mr. Powell with Mr. Powell as best he can. The difficulties of such a task will be seen from the quotation of a few parallel passages.

In 1907 Mrs. Eddy was to Mr. Powell "the head of the Mother Church setting all through life a questionable example." In 1930 she has become "a woman who had a record to her credit of more extraordinary and benignant things than any other woman in the history of the world."

In 1907 he wrote: "Love of money has been the root of many an ill in Mrs. Eddy's life. . . . To have a fortune of admittedly a million dollars accruing largely from the sale of the Book of Revelations which contains 'nothing of human opinion' and yet for years to evade one's proportionate share of taxpaying . . . is to put too great a strain on public confidence." In 1930 he does not mention the tax evasion but philosophizes on the general situation as follows: "To the impartial observer, nothing more surely indicates the prevision and administrative wisdom of the founder than the financing of the Christian Science movement . . . The shabby money-raising devices to which some churches resort which hark back to the time of Jesus when a settled income was not necessary . . . are out of place, archaic, adventitious, and distinctly hurtful to the larger cause."

In 1907 he thought most highly of Miss Milmine's hostile biography of Mrs. Eddy, writing "I have taken the pains . . . to verify her statements by correspondence or by interviews with those concerned. For this purpose alone I have traveled more than twenty-five hundred miles and am glad to be able to testify to the singular accuracy of the articles and the thoroughness with which they have been prepared." But in 1930 he has forgotten those twenty-five hundred weary miles and writes disparagingly: "much of the testimony of the period was one-sided. . . . Such witnesses as seemed accessible were reported to have been interviewed. . . ."

Of course, an author has not only the right but the duty to change his mind in the light of further information. But in that case he owes it to his public to indicate this further information. It was incumbent upon Mr. Powell not only to answer Miss Milmine but, still more, to answer Mr. Powell. This he has made no attempt to do. His method of vindicating Mrs. Eddy is simply to ignore all the charges against her, including those which he himself has made.

The extent of these omissions will be indicated by a list of the more important points which are not discussed in this "Life Size Portrait."

1. There is no mention by Mr. Powell of Mr. Powell's elaborate proof, in 1907, of Mrs. Eddy's indebtedness to Quimby. The position is now taken that there was no real indebtedness, but no new evidence is offered.

2. No mention of Mrs. Eddy's numerous plagiarisms. Five pages are devoted to her early familiarity with Lindley Murray's Reader but the best proof of such familiarity is omitted—namely, that in her Annual Message of 1905 she plagiarized four paragraphs from it. The word "plagiarism" does not appear in the index.

3. No mention of her addiction to morphine, attested by Adam Dickey, director of the Church; by Calvin Frye, her private secretary; and by Foster Eddy, her forty year old adopted son. The word "morphine" does not appear in the index.

4. No mention of the bitter estrangement between Foster Eddy and Mrs. Eddy. "But in a few years," writes Mr. Powell, "he disappeared from the picture to reappear for a moment as a valuable witness for the Mother Church in the litigation against the Board of Directors which ended in 1922," neglecting to mention that he had "reappeared" earlier in 1907 as a plaintiff in the Next Friends Suit directed against Mrs. Eddy.

5. No mention save in a misleading footnote, of the case brought against Daniel Spofford in May, 1878, by Mrs. Eddy and her students on the charge of witchcraft.

6. No mention, save in the same misleading footnote, of the case brought against her husband, Asa Eddy, by the state, in November 1878 on the charge of conspiring to murder Spofford.

7. No mention of Mrs. Eddy's belief that Asa Eddy died of "mesmeric arsenical poisoning," as Mrs. Eddy herself wrote to the Boston *Post* (June 5, 1882).

8. No mention that the $300 fee in Mrs. Eddy's "Massachusetts Metaphysical College" entitled the student only to twelve lectures, later reduced to seven.

9. No mention of the libel suit brought against Mrs. Eddy in June, 1900, by her former student, Josephine Woodbury, mother of the immaculately conceived "Prince of Peace." The name "Woodbury" does not appear in the index.

10. No mention of Mrs. Eddy's long relations with Augusta Stetson. The name "Stetson" does not appear in the index.

11. No mention of Mrs. Eddy's serious illness during her last years, attested by Calvin Frye's diary. On the contrary, Mr. Powell uses every effort to make it appear that she enjoyed perfect health until her death.

12. No mention of Mrs. Eddy's terror of "malicious animal magnetism." The phrase appears but once in the index, and the reference supplies an utterly misleading explanation of it: "Mrs. Eddy . . . coined the special name of malicious animal magnetism in her correspondence abbreviated to 'M.A.M.' It was natural for Mrs. Eddy, with her insight into things spiritual, to understand the apparent attractiveness of evil."

Other biographers, such as Milmine, Dakin, and Springer, have felt it necessary to discuss the above points in great detail, with a result generally unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy. If there are any facts to be produced on her side, as there well may be, the present writer, for one, would like to see them. But Mr. Powell has left all these important matters just where they were, save for the inferences that will inevitably—and perhaps unfairly to Mrs. Eddy—be drawn from his silence. Mr. Powell's conception of the duty of a biographer is surely most extraordinary.

It turns out that the much touted "Life Size Portrait" is only a thumbnail sketch on a heroic sized canvas. To put it forward as a serious biography is a piece of amazing effrontery.

Erratum

In the recent general survey of the Fall books the statement was erroneously made that Mr. Lyman P. Powell, author of "Mary Baker Eddy," just published by the Macmillan Company, is a convert to Christian Science. Mr. Powell is not a member of the Church, though his attitude toward it as expressed in his new book has undergone a radical change from that presented in his earlier "Christian Science."

The celebration of Virgil's bimillennium have begun at Mantua, the poet's birthplace, by the opening of a park called "The Wood of Virgil," in which every tree and flower mentioned in the "Georgics" has been planted.

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The Lookout

TRINITY CHURCH, completely in flames, was a very grand sight when Frederick Mackenzie, one-time deputy adjutant of the British Army, beheld it on that day of woe for Manhattan, Sept. 20, 1776, for the spire, made of wood and covered with shingles, became "a lofty pyramid of fire . . . and as soon as the shingles were burnt away the frame appeared with every separate piece of timber burning until the principal timbers were burnt through, when the whole fell with a great noise." Two days later Mackenzie records that "a Person named Nathaniel Hales, a lieutenant in the Rebel Army, and a native of Connecticut, was apprehended as a spy last night upon Long Island; and having this day made a full and free Confession to the Commander in Chief of his being employed by Mr. Washington in that capacity, he was hanged at 11 o'clock." . . . Closed to historians for 150 years, *The Diary of Frederick Mackenzie, 1775-1781* now opens a priceless record of the British army and the British mind during the Revolution. (Harvard University Press; in two volumes, $10.)

"THE curtain of public indifference"—behind this the nation is robbed of its liberty, the citizen of his priceless heritage. Whether or not George Wharton Pepper, late senator from Pennsylvania, can lift it depends on whether *In the Senate,* the book of his experiences, stirs you and me as it would have stirred our fathers fifty years ago. To be a senator demands filling a job—a job which no one has time to check up. Senator Pepper describes the devious machinery of government; he salts his tale with candid comment on Coolidge, Harding, Roosevelt, Pinchot, Vare, and the issues of the day. "My guess," he writes, "is that Mr. Coolidge will be denied by posterity the rank of Pitt, but that he will be recognized as the Palmerston of our political history." *In the Senate* is published at $2 by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

LET the criminal tell his own story, without hatred in his heart, and we will share his hurts and recognize the kinship of humankind. This conviction comes from reading *The Jack-Roller,* which might easily be mistaken for thrilling fiction. The jack-roller is a cheap thief who empties men's pockets after hitting them with a blackjack in dark alley-ways. Mean as they make them—and yet Stanley was just a youngster of 16 who needed adventure, pals, and the love of a girl—he differed from us only in the way he got them. Clifford R. Shaw, of the Institute of Juvenile Research, Chicago, has presented this story frankly, limiting his comment to footnotes. Today a competent salesman, proud of his family, saving for his boy's education, Stanley is no longer a social menace. The University of Chicago Press is publishing this book as "a delinquent boy's own story" at $2.50.

Why would 4,000 out of 5,000 people passing through Trafalgar Square turn their heads to inspect a new statue, and offer their opinions?

STANLEY CASSON, English art critic, says it is because sculpture is no longer traditional, perfunctory, lifeless, but challenging and controversial. It is becoming a matter of importance to the man who was once baffled by experiment. Its object can be stated in the plain terms of his new book, *XXth Century Sculptors.* (Oxford University Press, $3.50.) Still certain that in our complex time there can be no single standard of art, no dominant regional group, he is also sure that individuality based solely on the theory of catharsis, without relation to a fixed point of view, a style, is a thing of the past. Mr. Casson leads us to the finished work of Milles, the sensibility for grace and beauty of Georg Kolbe, the sophistication of Paul Manship, the freedom exhibited by Archipenko, Ossip Zadkine, Oswald Herzog and Frank Dobson. The total absence of professional verbiage will be welcomed by the reader.

WHAT do you and I really know about the new Turkey? Perhaps only that men have discarded the fez and women the veil—the most superficial of information, as Madame Halide Edib writes in her appraisal of Turkey's new national awakening, *Turkey Faces West.* . . . Hating the western nations which condemned his race to death, the Turk saw Europe only as "a greedy political gang, a slaughter machine,"—yet the western ideal has triumphed and Turkey now absorbs western science and learning in order to keep step with the new age. Madame Edib gives the intellectual's view of Turkey's march with the modern age. She was professor of western literature in the University of Istambul. (Yale University Press, $3.)

FROM Turkey we skip easily to the colorful American southwest and stop on the rim of the Grand Canyon as the sun begins its march. Here Dama Margaret Smith responded to its wonders, learned its trails and roads, and visited the Hopi and the Navajo, for she came as the first woman to be employed by the government at Grand Canyon National Park. Exulting, she calls her book *I Married a Ranger!*—said ranger being chief of the ranger service. She tells that the Navajos still sell their daughters to the highest bidder, and what this means to a proud girl who for eight years was taught to live the white man's way in a white man's school. "Anyone interested in the study of human nature," says Mrs. Smith, "should set up shop on the rim of the Grand Canyon and watch the world go by." Stanford University Press has issued these tales at $2.50.

L. O.

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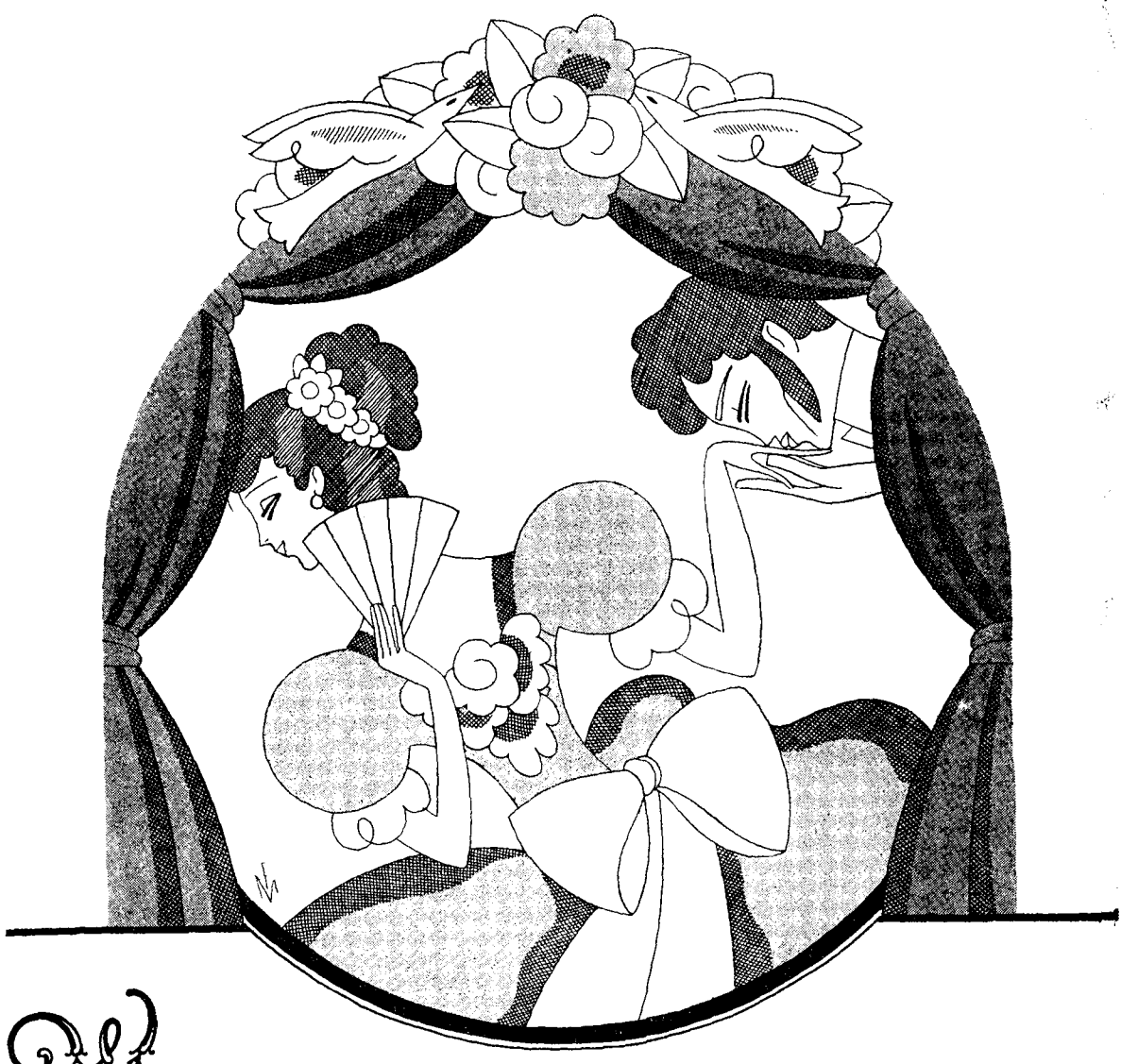
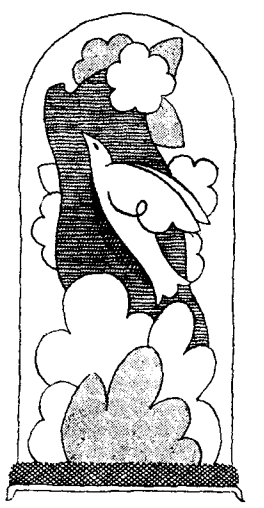
A Victorian Peep Show

BY E.F. BENSON



WITH a modish sigh and a hoist of the bustle we're into the carriage with Victoria and Albert, off for the Haymarket to hear Mario or Jenny Lind. Afterwards, we'll barge over to Lady Ripon's, where Jean de Reszke will sing a burlesque of himself and Edmund Gosse will read uproarious poems written by his housemaid. *Whoops, Victoria! mind the mudguard!*

As son of the Archbishop of Canterbury (a running start) and member of the famous Benson family—Hugh, Stella, and Arthur—the author was acquainted with most of the famous men and women of the time. George Moore, Henry James, George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, the fire-eating Lady Somers, Edmund Gosse, Bernard Shaw, "O. B." Burne-Jones . . . all are here, the old familiar faces . . . but the stories you've never heard, the things you never knew, are enough (thanks to Mr. Benson's memory and rare humor) to fill a book you'll find yourself quoting all winter.



The tale of "O. B." and the turkish bath; of the Duchess of Manchester and the "masher" who bought her a hat; of Tennyson's offer to tell the Bishop "a bawdy story"; each will fill you with that laughter from behind the ribs. Then there is the inside story of King Edward VII and the scandalous Tranby Croft affair. Mistresses, aesthetes, parlormaids and artists round out the picture. We discover how the Victorians ate, slept, made love, amused themselves and died. AS WE WERE will delight the Victorians themselves and those of us who know them only as astounding ancestors.

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Round about Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THIS week we have read some thirteen volumes of new poetry. May that not prove an unlucky number! We have found no masterpieces, but several of the books possess distinction. One of the smallest is composed of a group of lyrics by Victoria Sackville-West, who, in her return to Virgil, reached the front rank of English women poets when she produced "The Land" several years ago, a long poem that won the Hawthornden Prize. Her new novel of English society, "The Edwardians," has already been published in this country. The poet comes, of course, of a highly distinguished English family and, as a writer, is one of the best of the Bloomsbury group. Now she offers us a handful of Carolinian lyrics, written to a lady. In part three, however, there are three sonnets, at least two of which are remarkable for their positively Shakespearian agility. And the second lyric from part two is a most delightful thing. Some others are less successful. But—these two verses for instance:

What does she hope to meet, if go she will?
A swan with cygnets walking down a lane?
Two fighting hedgehogs, fierce with prickly quill?
An adder waking to the sun again?

Fine sights! a charm of finches in a brawl;
A string of elvers hurrying from the sea;
A pride of peacocks preening on a wall,—
But not so fine as she might see with me.

Except that we always thought "a pride" to be the collective term for *lions!* Not that it matters. It is suited to peacocks.

Love poems from one lady to another constitute a somewhat exotic nosegay. There is charm, however, albeit a rather artificial charm, in the slim book. But the gold assays a bit thin. The poet has not put forth her full powers. She has become semi-precious, though with an unusual dexterity always apparent. Her offering is entitled "King's Daughter" and published by Doubleday, Doran.

In "The Gates of the Compass" (Viking Press), Robert Hillyer presents his eighth volume of poems. He is an unobtrusive American poet who has been making steady progress with an interesting contemplative gift. Here his long title-poem in four parts is rather dispersed in effectiveness, though it opens and closes well and the author shows a command of cadence that is quite unusual today. Several shorter poems thereafter do not greatly impress, they seem too long-drawn-out for their content, and the first sonnet, "Overheard," troubles greatly with the last line of the octavo. The sonnet "Casino" reminds rather of several of Stephen Vincent Benét's fantastic sonnets, such as "Asrael's Bar"—in method we mean, not matter. The lyric "XXth Century" supplies a vibrant interjection:

There is no time,
No time,
There is no time,
Not even for a kiss,
Not even for a rhyme,—

Twentieth century with a vengeance! The poem "Reunion" is quite impressive. So are "Late" and "A Failure." "In the Tidal Marshes" we remember from its appearance in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is an excellent example of how Hillyer achieves certain beautiful effects through what is wellnigh a miserliness of epithet. He is rarely the poet of striking phrase, but he can weave a fine texture nevertheless. And perfectly to exhibit this poet at his worst and at his best, the book ends with "Phi Beta Kappa Ode" and "Manorbier." The ode is just the didactic sort of thing that proves the mere corpse of poetry no matter what its metrical grace; while "Manorbier," dedicated to Arthur Machen and his wife, is a weirdly "possessed" poem, inspired apparently by contemplation of an old castle and quite conveying the eerie effect desired.

In "The Iron Dish" (Doubleday, Doran) Lynn Riggs gives some evidence of possible accomplishment in the future. He writes meticulously, though every once in a while he widely misses his effect. One of his simpler lyrics, for instance, "Always the Gulls," begins excellently and flatly fails toward the end. Mr. Riggs would withdraw from us as one of his own Impenitents, and interwoven with his own accent is a phantom accent from Emily Dickinson. The poet can, however, accomplish in his own right some extremely neat things, such as "Admonition in Ivory" and "Wonder," and his Santa Fé poems glow with color. He is from the Southwest, has recently been abroad on a Guggenheim fellowship, and the Theater Guild is scheduled soon to produce a play of his on a native American theme.

Both Edgar Lee Masters and Paul Eldridge have been impressed by Chinese poetry and Chinese philosophy. The latter inscribes the Chinese section of his book, "Cobwebs and Cosmos" (Liveright) to George Sylvester Viereck, with whom he collaborated upon "My First Two Thousand Years," the story of the wandering Jew, and more recently "Salome: The Wandering Jewess." His parables and apothegms modelled upon the Oriental manner of expression are pithy and in most instances effective. But his book becomes monotonous when read at a sitting. It is composed of a great number of short poems. Book One presents "Our Dead Selves," with almost every living thing (and some inanimate things), from a butterfly to an oyster, becoming vocal in a sort of Spoon River of creatures. The second "Book" is the Chinese section, the third comprises three sub-sections, "Vanitas," "A New Mythology," and "Finale." Mr. Eldridge has a deft continental touch and makes the sort of observations concerning life that the late Stephen Crane would have admired. Certain of his prettier poems remind us rather of the earlier Maxwell Bodenheim when he was doing decorations rather than ironies. But Mr. Eldridge's own personality stands out distinctly for all that. And his statements frequently achieve a wisdom that the Chinese would not reject.

Mr. Masters's new book is of a different flavor. In it he does something more original than Mr. Eldridge. His "Lichee Nuts" (Liveright) create for us a group of Chinese living in the midst of New York City. Their comments are not on life in general, as are those of Mr. Eldridge, but directed ironically against modern America. Some years ago Mr. Masters created the character of Elmer Chubb which he used for the purpose of writing fundamentalist letters to the newspapers in a deeply satiric spirit. In "Lichee Nuts" Elmer comes in contact with the Oriental and is bested in every argument. It seems to us that Mr. Masters conveys very well the Chinese attitude of passivity steeped in deep philosophy. The English used in the book is very slightly pidgin. Its imperfections are not overdone. And even though the separate poems are brief, several definite Chinese character-types are built up for the reader. On laying the book down we are sorry to leave such mellow though trenchant friends. We like this volume better than anything of Mr. Masters's that we have seen for some time.

Some years ago Roy Helton received an honorable mention, in one of the annual *Nation* prize contests, for a poem called "May Jones of Filbert Street," which reminded us rather too strongly, and in a rather comic way, of the rhythm of Chesterton's "Lepanto." This, as it turns out, was decidedly inferior to what Mr. Helton can really do. We are now much impressed by his "Lonesome Water" from Harpers, which he has not only written but illustrated. His ballads of the Kentucky highlands carry conviction. He tells us in a foreword that they are done "in the English of the remoter regions of the Big Sandy Valley" but even the dialect does not trouble us. The poems are thoroughly alive, the interspersed illustrations are unusual and good in design. The book has an individual flavor. The rhythms are various. In "Fox Race" a particularly jerky one is at the same time effective:

"What's this wetness down your arm, Jim?"
"Wadin' Greasy
Creek at
Double tide

Stumbled on a dornick stone, the
Water splashed
My shirt and
Wet my side."

These are the broken accents of a murderer. The hounds are out and baying after him. The rhythm records a haunted conversation. Mr. Helton's poems will inevitably be compared by some to the Kentucky poems of Percy Mackaye, but we feel that he has given his own his own signature.

We are sorry not to be able to find "Harvest Home," the selected poems of Helen Gray Cone, of really outstanding merit. These poems are printed at the Knickerbocker Press and are selected from five volumes published between 1885 and 1919. The price of the volume is two dollars and fifty cents, and it may be secured by application to Miss Cone at 550 West 157th Street. She is a veteran poet and has contributed for years past to many important magazines. She handles narrative with ease and romantic color. She is always clear and forthright. Margaret Bell Houston's "Lanterns in the Dusk" (Dodd, Mead) gives us certain interesting narratives of the Texas-Mexico border, but the portrait of an author still living, even when she is charming looking and a granddaughter of General Sam Houston, should never be the frontispice to a new book of poems. It is not good bookmaking. Miss Houston's more subjective poems are not unusual. She is better at the descriptive ballad.

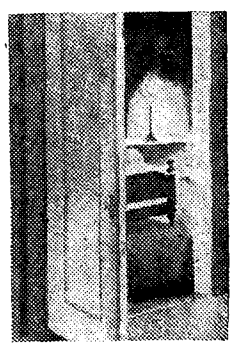
With the installation by the Princeton University Press of a linotype machine completely equipped for printing Arabic characters, work is in process there on the publication of the first series of Oriental texts ever to be actually printed in Arabic by a university press in America. The first volume of the series, "The Memoirs of Usamah-Ibn-Munqidh," a Syrian warrior of the twelfth century, edited by Dr. Philip K. Hitti, Associate Professor of Semitic Literature at Princeton, has already appeared.

The second volume will be Baha-al-Din's "Al-Juz'al-Awwall," the sacred book of the Druzes of Syria. Two years ago the Columbia University Press published a book on this subject by Dr. Hitti, in which he made use of the manuscript which will form the basis of the new volume.

CLAUDIA

An Adventure in Understanding

Sonata — dedicated to Walter. Claudia, playing it, must not think of the composer — of him or a star that had fallen.



. . . . but he must be cautious — tender. The door was half open—yet half closed . . . . and he was afraid . . . .

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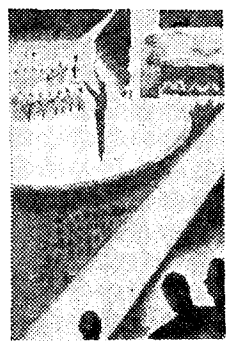

Intermission . . . the last chord rolled into silence. A woman left—and with her a man who would have stayed.

He was glad no light fell on his face. Did Claudia —somewhere behind him —understand? Was sympathy there—or pain?

by ARNOLD ZWEIG
Author of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"

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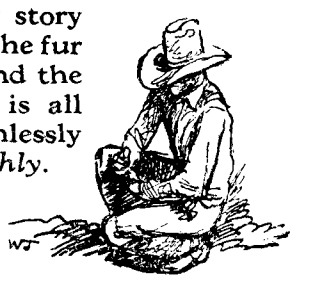

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Foreign Literature

The Story of a Woman's Soul

LE CHANT DU BERGER. By VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 1930.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

IN his "Human All Too Human" Nietzsche said that some centuries of education could *in three or four civilized European* countries (along a quite different line from the sexual) produce women with all the virtues and powers of men and also with all their weaknesses and vices. He added:

> But how will one be able to endure the inevitable stage of transition which in itself may last more than a century during which the feminine stupidities and injustices, ancient fetters of the sex, will pretend to conquer the newly acquired knowledge and experience? That will be the time when wrath will be the proper manly passion, wrath at seeing all the arts and sciences inundated and engorged by an unheard-of dilettantism, when philosophy will die in the torrent of a chatter to lose one's mind, politics will be more capricious and partial than ever, and society will reach a state of decomposition, because the guardians of ancient morality will have become ridiculous even to their own eyes and will be forced in every respect to live beyond the moral pale. If morals had really been woman's greatest power, what are they to turn to to regain a similar measure of power, once they have discarded that morality?

Nietzsche's prophetic eye foresaw the stage of transition which—with due allowance for his exaggeration—we seem to have reached today. Our social gatherings at home or outside bear evidence that where the radio has not killed all conversation, the inane chatter of cheap cleverness and the deceptive brilliancy of smart Aleckism have taken the place of what was once an art, not studied in an academy, but born and developed in the atmosphere of homes where conversation was enjoyed as an informal and stimulating exchange of ideas. Concerning his statements about the morals of *this transition period* the daily press furnishes sufficient illustrations.

Victor Margueritte does not share the skepticism of the German idol-breaker, and in a sympathetic spirit pictures in his two series of novels just such a *transitional* stage of woman's evolution. The first trilogy, collectively called "La Femme en Chemin" (Woman on the Way), with the sensationally successful "La Garçonne," followed by "Le Compagnon" and "Le Couple," the second entitled "Vers le Bonheur" (Towards Happiness), consisting of "Ton Corps et a Toi," "Le Bétail Humain," and "Le Chant du Berger."

Readers nourished on standardized fiction, which is made—not created—according to a definite schedule, like the plays here intended to move to tears, there to rouse laughter—will not enjoy these novels. For Victor Margueritte is not concerned with formulas of any kind, but with "ideas and facts so fused that they give a picture of our complex life and indeed an illusion of life itself." He has placed the novel "in the service of history," has watched the development of woman in the last decades, and in the phase which he treats in this last story sees the dawn of a solution of social problems which have haunted the thinking minority of mankind for some generations. In his words: "We are at the hour when the veil is being torn everywhere." But his work is not that of a Utopian dreamer. A child of our age, he has enlisted science in the work he has undertaken: biology, physiology, hygiene, psychology, puericulture have been the solid foundations upon which he has constructed a story with a message, yet with all the elements of superior fiction and written in an admirable style which makes it fascinating reading.

The heroine of the second trilogy is Spirita Arelli, an intelligent, finely strung peasant girl of the Provence, who has been brought up by her uncle and godfather, a liberal thinker and unusually noble character. Sebastien Paccaud has not only molded her mind, but instructed her in problems of life which, if left alone at his death, she would have been unprepared to face. She drifts from her little Provençal home to Marseilles, the Bretagne, Paris, working her way through hospitals, dispensaries, and laboratories, through Bohemian, occult, and philanthropic circles without being swept off her feet, always upheld by the memory of her uncle's personality and of his teachings, deepened and enriched by the reading of great thinkers. Her experiences are varied and highly dramatic; in the earlier part of her life they verge on the sordid, but there is no trace of melodrama. They follow with the natural sequence of cause and effect. The men that cross her path are of the greatest possible variety of types. Their characters are suggested by their actions rather than by long descriptions, and the result is a gallery of portraits which are felt to be true to life. From the unknown who has taken advantage of the uncle's absence and is the immediate cause of her leaving her home, to the commanding, sympathetic figure of the great physician and benefactor of humanity, Henri le Guern, they represent man in all his moods. Equally representative of their sex are the women of the story: Etiennette, Spi's companion in the misery of her Marseilles days, the simple, honest Breton, Mme Bozellec, and so on to the titled ladies with whom she comes in contact through her social work.

From eugenics to pacifism there is no problem, discussed by men and women concerned with the present and future welfare of their fellow-beings, that is not touched upon in this book. But the artist Margueritte never becomes a doctrinary preacher. He lightens the weight of serious ideas with gleams of a genial humor. He admits not being concerned with formulas. Neither is he concerned with dogmas, by which our liberals and radicals of all shades so often defeat their most commendable aims. One has reason to look forward to the appearance of his other books in which he plans to continue his forecast of a society based upon more humane principles than those of the present.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF NATURAL SCIENCE. By *Julian M. Drachman*. Macmillan. $4.

MENCKEN AND SHAW. By *Benjamin de Casseres*. New York: Newton. $2.50.

Biography

THE STORY OF A SURGEON. By SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $3.50.

Sir John Bland-Sutton, seventy-five years of age last April, holds a rather unique place in English surgery for there have come to him almost all of the honors that the London medical world can offer to a physician. His reminiscences, covering the period of the late '70's, when he began medicine as a student and practitioner, through to the present time, are of considerable interest as they throw much light upon the changes which have come in surgery throughout this period.

He began his career with a strong inclination towards natural history and throughout his life he has been recognized as a zoölogist as well as a skilful surgeon. His book is full of references to this subject and specially noteworthy are his comments on the animals at the London Zoo, where for many years he attended as a veterinarian of a superior type.

Bland-Sutton also gives us contemporary notes about Joseph Lister when Lister lived in London. His comments on the Royal College of Surgeons of England, of which he was president, and many other subjects testify to the great diversity of Bland-Sutton's accomplishments and the keenness of his observations of life around him in many different fields. For years he was connected with the Middlesex Hospital, London, an institution in which Rudyard Kipling has taken a great interest.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE. By *Major Gen. John A. Lejeune*. Dorrance. $4.

THE FISHERMEN'S SAINT. By *Sir Wilfred Grenfell*. Scribners. $1.

WHY ROME? By *Selden Peabody Delany*. Dial. $2.50.

JUNGLE GOLD. Dad Pedrick's Story. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

Drama

STAGE SCENERY AND LIGHTNING. By SAMUEL SELDEN and HUNTON SELLMAN. Crofts. 1930.

No book has been published that treats so adequately for the amateur the problems of the practical side of scenery as this volume.

"Our purpose in preparing this book," the authors write, "is to satisfy a need for a short, but comprehensive and practical, handbook of scenery and lighting for college, school, and community theatres. It is addressed primarily to those who are designing, building, painting, and lighting scenery; but in it something will be found for the director and actor, as well as for the student of the theatre."

Mr. Selden writes of scenery, its planning, construction, painting, and handling. Mr. Sellman treats of stage lighting, its elements, the instruments, their uses and purposes, and discusses generally, though none too freshly, light as a contributing element in the interpretation of a drama. Both authors write with sureness and authority. Their material is supported by well selected and intelligent illustrations, and is followed by an excellent bibliography.

This is essentially a practical book and is an answer in itself to the eternal question of most amateurs in the theatre, "How can we do this to get our effect?"

THE LITTLE THEATRE IN SCHOOL. By LILLIAN FOSTER COLLINS. Dodd, Mead. 1930.

Miss Collins has observed the use of the dramatic method in teaching in progressive junior high schools. She applies these methods to her own work and discovers new values in teaching children's dramatics. Miss Collins treats not only of the organization of children's theatres, but also types of plays, their writing and production. A great part of the book is devoted to the plays which Miss Collins has written in collaboration with her own pupils. These plays are well put together but do not seem inspired steps toward an adult theatre.

FIRST PLAYS. By *A. A. Milne*. Knopf. $2.

THE QUEST OF THE FLAME. By *Miriam Denness Cooper*. Century. 35 cents.

THE ALABASTER BOX. By *Anna J. Harnwell* and *Isabelle J. Meaker*. Century. 50 cents.

THE CANTICLES OF MARY. By *Miriam Denness Cooper*. Century. 35 cents.

THE LIGHT. By *Walter Charles Roberts*. Century. 50 cents.

THE TINKER. By *Fred Eastman*. Century. 75 cents.

THE STAR OF MADRID. By *George St. Clair*. University of New Mexico.

BEYOND TRAGEDY. By *Virgil Geddes*. University of Washington.

POMPAGASADOOK. By *Arthur Sanborn*. Billerico, Mass.: Sanborn.

YULE LIGHT. By *Alexander van Rensselaer* and *Frank Butcher*. Century. 75 cents.

SHADES AND SHADOWS. By *Randolph Edmonds*. Meador. $1.50.

Education

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF TEXAS. By *W. Frances Scarborough*. Dallas: Southwest Press.

READINGS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY SINCE 1814. By *Jonathan F. Scott* and *Alexander Baltzly*. Crofts.

FACTS AND IDEAS. Edited by *John O. Beaty*, *Ernest E. Leisy*, and *Mary Lamar*. Crofts.

SOCIOLOGICAL THEORY AND SOCIAL RESEARCH. Selected papers of *Charles Horton Cooley*. Edited by *Robert Cooley Angell*. Holt.

THE STORY OF INFANCY. By *I. Newton Kugelmass*. Century. $3.50.

THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By *William E. Blatz* and *Helen Bott*. Morrow. $3.

SAPLINGS: 1930. Scholastic Publishing Co. $1.50.

STUDIES AND TESTS ON VERGIL'S ÆNEID. Harvard University Press.

TEACHER'S BOOK TO ACCOMPANY A CHILD'S SECOND NUMBER BOOK. By *Saul Badanes*. Macmillan. 80 cents.

Fiction

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD BUY IT. By DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

The real estate sections of the New York papers advertised Brookstone, N. J., as "The Suburb Beautiful Where Air Is Pure and Kiddies Grow Strong. Over Sixty Trains Daily." Mrs. Carman describes it more dispassionately, and it comes up in her black and white as still another American business community, where the pursuit of happiness is in full cry and few are gaining on the quarry.

"Black and white" is not to say that the book is a meticulous and dull social study. The author has brought a sense of humor and imagination to her task. But it is founded on a thorough analysis of a society that she knew by heart before she began to observe it and write about it so coolly.

Mrs. Carman's economics and sociology are all there, if not at all obtrusive. It is a well realized background, and the groups presented against it are effectively disposed. The persons, however, are cartooned for the most part, with idiosyncrasies of the expected kinds for the modern suburban versions of bluestocking, dilettante, heavy business man, sterling housewife, honest minor executive, etc.

The heroine, who is represented as having the ability to distinguish between true and false happiness; who, it is suggested, has a mental and moral constitution outside the suburban categories, does not take shape as distinctly as one might expect in these premises. She ends her own adventures in philandering with the pronouncement: "I'm going to keep interested, because it's such hell to be indifferent," which is what everyone in Brookstone not in danger of starvation is proposing to do with personal and social mediocrity as the result.

THOSE HITCH HIKERS. By BOOTH JAMESON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.

This book belongs to the class of mildly clever, super-juvenile fiction—of, by, and for the freshman intelligentsia. It tells the adventures of two pretty summer resort waitresses who spend two weeks hitch-hiking—but mostly hitching—from Maine to Florida. The conversational game on one occasion between Zula, one of the girls, and a Mr. Norris at a fashionable Blue Barn dance, to which an aristocratic "F. A." ("Founders' Association") gentleman took them in his limousine, is quite entertaining—Mr. Norris thinking that she is a blue-blooded aristocrat far above him, and Zula in deathly fear that he will discover she is a waitress. But most of the book is just quasi-clever enough to be dull, a sort of tame literary vaudeville. We have need for *prose de société*, and we don't care if it is ephemeral. But it should be good. We are informed by a note on the jacket that the author, Booth Jameson, is a nephew of Booth Tarkington,—which, however you take it, is as it should be.

(Continued on next page)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE SENTIMENTAL VAGABOND. By A. T'SERSTEVENS. Farrar & Rhinehart. 1930. $2.

Here is an attempt to combine picaresque adventures of the open road with the mystical, dream-like passions of a young voluptuary. In style it is reminiscent of both W. J. Locke and Rémy de Gourmont, without, one hastens to add, the artistry of either. Perhaps it is impossible to harmonize two such diverse literary techniques. The author has fallen short of his dual goals, at all events.

A. t'Serstevens is a Belgian, (which accounts for his unusual name) but he places his story in an Italian frame. Baccio, a writer, squanders an advance from his publisher and takes to the road. He falls into misadventures, and meets Salvatore, a vagabond with a thousand trades, more or less honest. It is Salvatore's salty philosophy to eat, drink, and enjoy the girls that luck sends; and he urges the writer to follow his methods of love making. Baccio, timid, poetic, sentimental, is unsuccessful with the tavern wenches and seeks consolation in dreams. Through an accident he finds himself in a fairy-like garden with a lover, Erigone, who surpasses his most impassioned visions. Their ecstasy passes through desire, fulfilment, and waning interest, and Baccio is upon the highway again. A tiny golden bell from Erigone's bracelet answers his question, "Do I wake or sleep?" It was more than a dream. The rest of the tale is of his search for that enchanted garden and its mistress, the recapturing of supreme delight.

Clothing what is, in the good old phrase, "carnal concupiscence" in poetic imagery would once have invoked blind rage and rebuke. Now, unbiased by prejudices, the reader can fairly assay descriptions of what is meant to be intoxicating sensuousness. Neither in its amorous episodes nor its roistering comedy scenes does "The Sentimental Vagabond" do more than come close to being of importance.

THE YOKE OF LIFE. By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE. Richard R. Smith. 1930. $2.

As in his preceding novel, "Our Daily Bread," Mr. Grove is dismally preoccupied with the austere hardships of existence endured by Canadian backwoods settlers on government grant farms, centering his story's action in the futile endeavors of an ambitious youth to gain an education while at the same time aiding in the support of his poverty-stricken people. His toiling stepfather and cruelly overworked mother weigh heavily against Len's achievement of his modest goal, which, after he has labored heroically to realize it, remains at the close of his short life as remote from attainment as it had been in his blighted boyhood. Though we are no advocate of forced happy endings, we found it somewhat of a trial, after following his misfortunes for 350 pages, to witness the death of Len, neither plausible nor inevitable, in a suicide pact with his sweetheart. Competently written, though rarely interesting, the story is one of the dreariest and most tedious we have read in many a day.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING. By ANN REID. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930. $2.

There is beauty in much of the writing of this novel, there is the extra, sure knowing of the characters beyond the obvious psychological insight, and there is scene after scene of taut, adolescent reality that wavers between awkwardness and loveliness. And yet the book as a whole is not satisfactory. It has the poignancy of all eager and hurt youth; perhaps, in spite of naming and dating, the characters are too general. Every event that occurs is right, might have actually happened to any young girl, but in the end each *remains just that—not essentially* enough the fate of Miss Reid's people, not unthinkable as belonging to anyone else.

The story is the story of an adolescent girl; it barely avoids the danger of being a psychological study rather than a novel. Miss Reid's artistry saves it from ever being quite that, but it cannot save it from a constant reminding of purely typical psychological phenomena of the 'teens. The plot entanglement arises from the dual and antagonistic love of the heroine for her father and for a school friend of her own sex. Whenever the story touches on this sore division of affection — the possessive, cruel, and jealous love of the father, the equally possessive but casual and wounding love of the friend—*it rises to the pitch of drama*; but when it pursues minutely the daily intercourse of the two girls it swerves too near case history.

If "Love Lies Bleeding" were not so good a book, if it did not so constantly hover on the edge of being remarkably worth while, one would be less concerned about its having missed its highest, and obviously intended, goal. Miss Reid's first novel, "We Are the Dead," was a more complete and unified achievement than this, her second, but this augurs equally well for the next, as it is full of disparate merits that need only to be freed from certain interfering and superfluous material to realize themselves.

DIXON'S CUBS. By JOHN C. MOORE. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

This book expresses the regret which every one must feel at the passing of the old English farmer and the encroachments of industrial towns on the English country. And, as in all books of this kind written by Englishmen, the author regrets most bitterly, as a symbol of all the rest, the passing of fox-hunting. Mr. Moore has illustrated his theme by writing the story of a family of brothers and sisters, the children of the most considerable yeoman farmer of the neighborhood, whose ancestors were farming the same land three hundred years before. The farm is taken from them by the inescapable pressure of industrialism; the war comes upon them, and they have their several tragedies in it; those who survive must make what terms they can, like the rest of us, with the new world their author so heartily hates.

This first novel has some very promising writing in it. The English counties are ladies who turn all their lovers into poets. Mr. Moore, in setting down his love for their threatened loveliness, has some passages of poignant beauty. The characters, too, are individual and interesting. But the writing is sometimes a little heavy, and misses its effect by calling for it too loudly. When the fox-hunting Greek scholar comes upon a party of city louts on holiday, playing cards in the middle of one of his favorite rides, one feels some pity for them as well as the contempt Mr. Moore demands; one may even perversely feel more sorry for them who have never learned to see the forest path than for the gentleman whose pleasure in seeing it is spoiled. In the same way the author makes his irony of circumstance too pointed; twice he says, "That was the irony of it," and once, "There was a world of bitter irony in Martin's last morning." One would be obliged for more confidence in one's perception. However, when Mr. Moore has learned a little more of what he can expect of his medium, he should do some very good work.

KRAKATOA, HAND OF THE GODS. By CAPT. H. E. RAABE. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

Three years ago, in his startling autobiography, "Cannibal Nights," Captain Raabe spun a choice collection of whoppers reminiscent of his seafaring youth in Polynesia and the Malay Archipelago. He continues here in similar vein, though his medium now is fiction undisguised, relating a wild and gory adventure yarn which seems to be a hybrid compound of Louis Becke and Gordon Young. The scene is again the islands and waters of the Archipelago, with eastern Sumatra and that fateful volcanic peak, Krakatoa, rising from the Strait of Sunda, the predominant background. A freelance trader, running cargoes of arms to the embattled Achinese, then making their last stand against the Dutch colonials, encounters on several sanguinary occasions a mysterious white man who has gone native and been invested with princely rank by the warring Sumatrans. This enigmatic renegade recounts the extraordinary events he had lived through in the years he had spent among his adopted people, an epic ending

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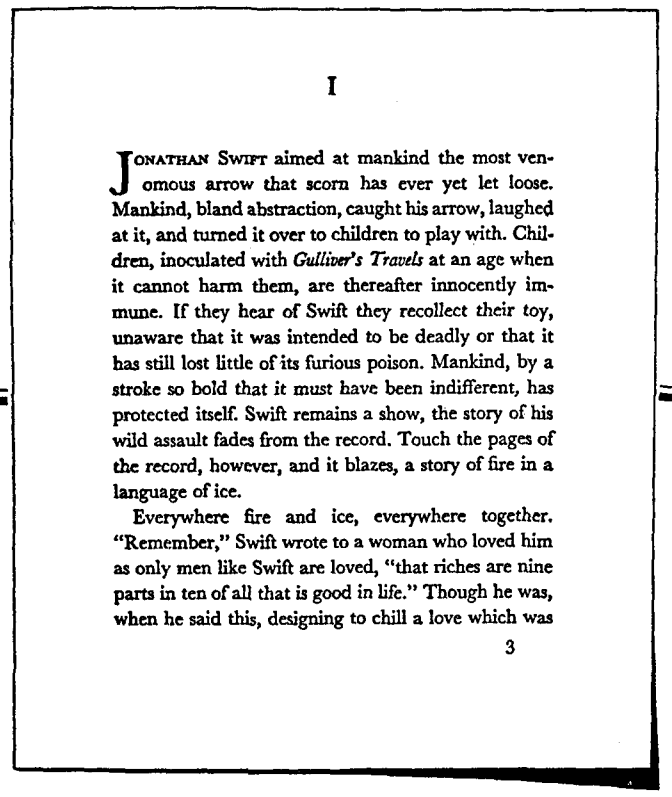

I

JONATHAN SWIFT aimed at mankind the most venomous arrow that scorn has ever yet let loose. Mankind, bland abstraction, caught his arrow, laughed at it, and turned it over to children to play with. Children, inoculated with *Gulliver's Travels* at an age when it cannot harm them, are thereafter innocently immune. If they hear of Swift they recollect their toy, unaware that it was intended to be deadly or that it has still lost little of its furious poison. Mankind, by a stroke so bold that it must have been indifferent, has protected itself. Swift remains a show, the story of his wild assault fades from the record. Touch the pages of the record, however, and it blazes, a story of fire in a language of ice.

Everywhere fire and ice, everywhere together. "Remember," Swift wrote to a woman who loved him as only men like Swift are loved, "that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life." Though he was, when he said this, designing to chill a love which was

3

"... a story of fire in a language of ice ..."

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with the stranger's death at sea in the catastrophic eruption of Krakatoa in 1883. Captain Raabe's faculty for writing highly imaginative description far surpasses his technical craft, which is particularly weak in its ignoring of an orderly narrative method.

SOLDIERS' WOMEN. By OTTO BERNHARD WENDLER. Harpers. 1930. $2.

Anyone who still has a taste for the horrors of war as recounted by participants will enjoy this bundle of episodes concerning several German soldiers on the Eastern Front and their wives, sweethearts, or mistresses, at home or engaged in war work. It is the same old story, but rewritten as a *tour de force* by a man whose skill brings it, no doubt, somewhat above the average of war literature as it might be struck today by some laborious scholar-critic.

Each episode of "Soldiers' Women" takes shape swiftly and dramatically, and, making its effective contribution to the theme of sexual privation, treachery, and disaster due to war separations, flashes out for the next. The last one is a private or civil murder, so to speak, which, curiously enough, tops the crescendo of violence and cruelty, in spite of the preceding wholesale butchery at the front.

The book is carefully planned, economically written, and succeeds in its intention without forcing a single issue. Its chief defect is a usual one: self-consciousness, insistence on the gruesome, to the point of being scabrous and sadistic. The author is "literary" about them, as Tolstoy was not in "Sebastopol," nor Stephen Crane in the "Red Badge of Courage." Have these two "war books" been surpassed? the scholar-critic might be asked.

THE DOVES' NEST. By *Katherine Mansfield.*

STORIES OF LOVE, COURAGE, AND COMPASSION. By *Warwick Deeping.* Knopf. $3.

DEATH IN VENICE. By *Thomas Mann.* Knopf. $2.

THE MEN IN HER LIFE. By *Warner Fabian.* Sears. $2.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1930. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

DEAD MAN TWICE. By *Christopher Bush.* Crime Club. $1.

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS. By *Wadsworth Camp.* Doubleday, Doran.

MR. COMMISSIONER SANDERS. By *Edgar Wallace.* Doubleday, Doran.

REBECCA THE WISE. By *Josef Israels II.* Doubleday, Doran.

Miscellaneous

RIDERS OF THE PLAGUES: The Story of the Conquest of Disease. By JAMES A. TOBEY. Scribners. 1930. $3.50.

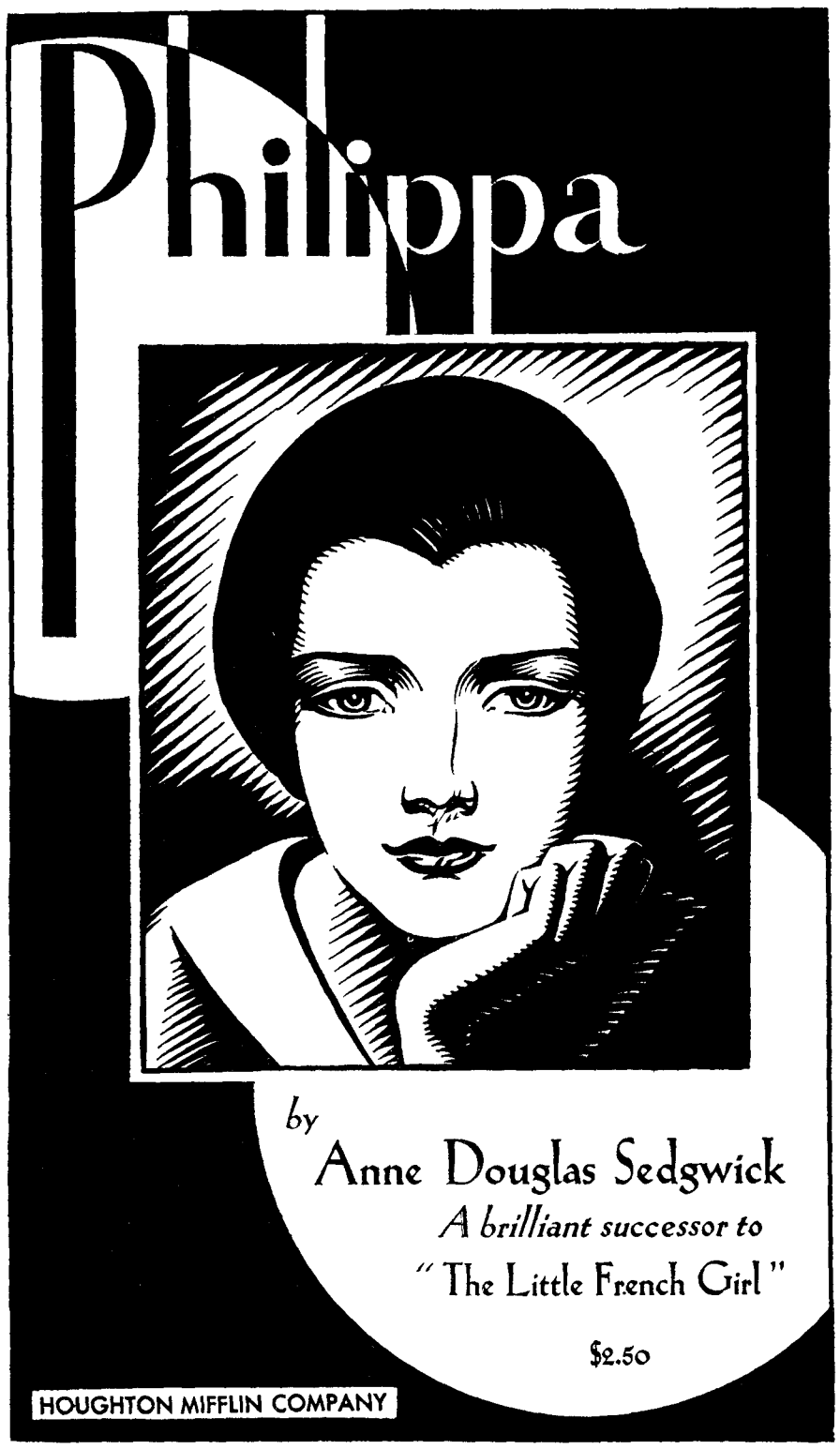
STALKERS OF PESTILENCE: The Story of Man's Ideas of Infection. By WADE W. OLIVER, M.D. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 1930. $3.

THESE two books offer a marked contrast in regard to the method of depicting the same story. Both deal with the development of our ideas of sanitation and public health from the earliest times to the present. Dr. Tobey, a doctor of public health, writes the larger book, in the more popular style. There are excellent chapters on the early great plagues of the past; Pasteur and his development of bacteriology; the conquest of yellow fever, especially by physicians connected with the United States Army; the new science of sanitation, and Trudeau and tuberculosis. The story is told in an interesting way, but the book is so hastily put together and marred by such atrocious English, that in many places the author's meaning is entirely obscured by his apparent inability to write a simple English sentence.

Oliver's book, on the other hand, is much smaller and less pretentious, but it is well written and is a true scientific contribution to the history of medicine, at the same time being sufficiently popular in type to appeal to the average reader. Oliver also has given careful attention to references in the literature. His book, which has already appeared in parts in the *American Journal of Surgery* for 1929, can be most highly recommended.

THE EXQUISITE GIFT. By *Ella Bell Wallis.* Ottawa: Arista. $2.

A TEXAS RANGER. By *N. A. Jennings.* Dallas, Texas: Southwest Press.



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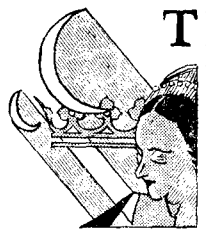
The Moon Mistress: Diane de Poitiers



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Translated by F. M. Atkinson

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THE UNCELESTIAL CITY, *by Humbert Wolfe*

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Points of View

Mr. Huxley and "Vulgarity"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Aldous Huxley, posing in the capacity of the worthy Grand Inquisitor (a character I have borrowed from Dostoievsky's "Brothers Karamazov"), takes it upon himself to put Poe in his place, along with the gruesome ideas of certain French and American critics of poetry. In the words of his archetype, says he: "We will give them, the masses, a quiet, modest happiness, the happiness of the feeble creatures such as they were created." This is true to form, even as he carries it out in his novels, saying: "We will even permit them to sin—for they are weak and feeble—and they will love us like children because we permit them to sin. We shall permit them or forbid them to live with lovers or wives, to have or not to have children." To my mind, Mr. Huxley makes a very poor substitute for the Inquisitor.

Says Mr. Huxley: "the cleverest men can sometimes and in certain circumstances reveal themselves as profoundly, criminally, stupid." And indeed, it was Mr. Huxley's own writings which brought this home to me. After reading "Antic Hay," I thought we were going to have something; after trying to read "Point Counter Point" (Mr. Maurois to the contrary notwithstanding) I had to revise my opinion, even as the author would have us revise ours about Poe and Dickens. Why, in examining the evidence, does Mr. Huxley compare one of Poe's most rhymish verses with one of Milton's most idyllic? (To be sure there is always a point when you compare something of classic purity, or which bears reference to some classic or mythological beauty, with something which is dependent chiefly upon pure imagery, or upon the imagination alone. The latter seems, somehow, to be lacking in that dignified sort of support which only centuries of approbation can bestow.) I suppose Mr. Huxley will next be proving to us that Whitman was another huge farce. I suggest that he compare his versification with that of Spenser, or with the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"! Furthermore, I object to the epithet of vulgarity. Vulgarity is not vulgarity when in it there is the natural leaven of spontaneity and lack of shame. To indulge in a crude simile, is the "modern maiden" of Mr. Huxley's novels vulgar? If Poe had striven for rhythmic beauties, as some other poets have striven, he might be accused of bordering on the insipid. But he didn't have to.

Since Mr. Huxley makes bold to imagine what Poe might have said regarding one of Milton's themes, let me venture to surmise Huxley on the death of "little Nell."

For awhile they played around like little kids. Harold had forgotten Amelia, it seemed. After the last light had gone out on the darkened street below, he arose and put on his overcoat. "I've got to go, now." So he wouldn't marry her after all. "Little Nell" lay for a long while where she had fallen. Then she arose. Her hand groped its way to the gas jet on the side of the wall and gave a firm pull. She gazed through the darkened casement. "God! It's a cold place to die," she murmured as she crawled numbly back into bed.

How does that compare with Dickens?

She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used her kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first. . . .

Such a passage calls for no immaterial condemnation. If it's sentimental, it's a kind of sentimentality of which Mr. Huxley knows nothing. Sometimes a little Victorian sentimentality would do us all good.

I have one more criticism Some thirty years ago, William Lyon Phelps, or some other optimistic young man, discovered Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" and "Brothers Karamazov." Now, during the past fifteen or twenty years, every bright and aspiring young man who has read them feels the necessity of depicting himself in the role of the *intelligentsia*. They talk about truth, and do not know that Dostoievsky depicted a considerably truer picture of the awakening proletarian spirit of Russia in his "Possessed." Somehow, I never hear this novel mentioned by our fastidious young seekers after truth and light, I mention it merely as something nobler and less vulgar and considerably truer to spirit. Read it, Mr. Huxley, again perhaps, and then know that the logic of your arguments appeal to me like the logic of Shigalevism.

LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN.

George Bernard Shaw

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Having contracted with American and English publishers to write the biography of George Bernard Shaw, I don't want people saying later when it is published, "But you should have put in my story of Shaw" or "Why did you leave out this postcard I got from him?" So I am hereby warning all such critics to send me their stories, quips, inscriptions, autographs, photographs, post cards, letters, telegrams, cables, interviews, and such now, or forever hold their peace. Any such material after being copied will be returned to its owners promptly and with thanks.

FRANK HARRIS.

9 Rue de la Buffa, Nice, France.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

May I call your attention to two typographical errors at the end of an article by Walter de la Mare, recently published in these columns? I know that people read the *Saturday Review* because we have had several letters asking about the book of poems by "Mrs." de la Mare. The note at the bottom attributed the volume to "Mrs." de la Mare and gave the title as "Poems of Children." Of course the work is Walter's own, and the title is "Poems for Children."

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.
Henry Holt & Company.

New York.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the names of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September 1930. Arthur H. Huene, Commissioner of Deeds, New York City. New York County Clerk's No. 50, Register No. (My commission expires Feb. 11, 1932.)

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..Mad Shelley?

FROM many commentators one gathers that Shelley was a kind of inspired idiot, producing beautiful poetry without clearly knowing what he was about. In his Science and the Modern World, Alfred North Whitehead makes the comment: "What the hills were to the youth of Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley. It is unfortunate that Shelley's literary critics have, in this respect, so little of Shelley in their own mentality. They tend to treat as a casual oddity of Shelley's nature what was, in fact, part of the main structure of his mind, permeating his poetry through and through. If Shelley had been born a hundred years later, the twentieth century would have seen a Newton among chemists."

Following Mr. Whitehead's challenge, CARL GRABO of the English Department of the University of Chicago has made a study of Shelley's knowledge and use of science in *Prometheus Unbound* which is now published under the title A NEWTON AMONG POETS. This volume is a conclusive demonstration that Shelley was an excellent scholar, a man well read in many fields, that he was fundamentally intellectual as well as emotional, that his intellectual powers were certainly equal to if not greater than his emotional powers, and that beneath Shelley's exquisite lyricism lies a most carefully conceived frame of hard intellectual meaning.

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GOOD NEWS

The editors of THE SATURDAY REVIEW in reading advance copies of the important works soon to be published have been impressed by the noticeable improvement in quality. This will be good news to those of our subscribers who have been discouraged by the general mediocrity of recent publications.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW will be reviewing these books when they are published—you will want to hear about them. If your subscription has lapsed during the summer months, please communicate with the circulation department at your earliest convenience.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street
New York, N. Y.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review.*

G. S. W., Woodland, California, says "I wish you would tell me the best recent books on the Brownings, with particular emphasis on their life in Italy. I have been doing much reading lately about them, and would like to know more about their much-loved son. Being isolated in a small town with limited library, I cannot pursue biographical material to the extent that I would like without help. Also, is Lady Caroline Lamb's 'Glenarvon' in print? I am not interested in rare or costly editions; I simply want to read it, and it is not in any library to which I have access."

THERE is clearly a recrudescence of interest in Mrs. Browning. A fine, full-length biography, just, sympathetic, and deeply moving, comes from Longmans, Green, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Louise S. Boas; in the Representative Women Series (Viking) is a smaller and slighter work, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by Irene Cooper Willis. The same title is used for two books in which the famous elopement is the emotional center, or one might say, the starting-point: "The Brownings," by Osbert Burdett (Houghton Mifflin) makes an enlightening and sympathetic narrative of their meeting, romance, and marriage, and of their respective careers: these last are very little considered in David Loth's "The Brownings" (Brentano), which is the story of a famous love-affair rather than that of a force working in the lives of two poets. "Andromeda in Wimpole Street," by Dormer Creston (Dutton), must certainly be read in advance by those who wish to get the utmost possible pleasure out of Mr. Besier's play. Dormer Creston is Dorothy Baynes, daughter of Sir Christopher Baynes. "Miss Barrett's Elopement," by C. Lenanton, also known as Carola Oman (Holt), makes lively and understanding use of Mrs. Browning's life from twenty-six to forty, in fiction, resulting in a heart-warming love-story.

But the book above all for which this inquirer must be looking—and one of the best possible books about the Brownings—is the newly-published volume, "Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Letters to Her Sister, 1846-1859," edited by Leonard Huxley (Dutton). These letters were written during their years in Italy and France to her favorite sister, Henrietta, whom one sees in the Besier play making her brave but futile defiance of the morbid tyranny which the gentle Ba destroyed without defying. It is pleasant to learn that Henrietta did carry through her dash for freedom and married her young man not long after her sister showed her how to run away, not long after Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett of Wimpole Street thought he had settled her for good in the last act of Mr. Besier's play. Another sister appearing indirectly in these letters is the submerged Arabella, whose hysterics all but bring down the curtain on this occasion.

So far as I know, the only way to get "Glenarvon" is to set some dealer on its track. I was listening not long since to a conversation turning on the choice of old books for reprint, and the general opinion seemed to be that even as Byroniana nobody could get through "Glenarvon," which is generally believed to be the world's dullest novel. However, I heard last year that Lady Caroline was being considered as a subject by a biographer so expert that she would have at last really proper treatment; if that does come to something, "Glenarvon" will undoubtedly figure therein.

E. W. G., who gives no address, asks for a book with an American girl in it, to send to friends abroad who have "queer ideas about American youth."

THE young girl in fiction must in general contrive a double debt to pay, satisfying at once the esthetic ideal of her author and the moral demands of her public. The second responsibility causes her to be generally looked upon less as a living being, or even as part of the action of a book, than as either a model and pattern for young girls—who are naïvely supposed to imitate whatever they read about—or as an example of one of those deviations from the ideal by which the young reader is warned. The first responsibility is more often fulfilled by poems, short ones like Longfellow's "Maidenhood" or Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume," for once the author has gazed upon his creation and breathed his prayer that she remain forever so pure, so fair, so dumb, about all he can do is to leave her to go on being so and turn his attention to those deviations, which make fiction possible. Thus "Alice Adams," to my way of thinking the most completely realized young girl in contemporary American fiction, has been held against Booth Tarkington because she is not a perfect young woman, and because her imperfections are not used by him for warning or admonition.

The present-day writer about young girls in books that their elders will buy for them, is still further handicapped by the truth and vitality of "Little Women." Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy meet each rising generation so alive and real that they carry the idealism of classic Concord along with them if only as an undercurrent of reproach for that of the present day. Many an American mother, wistfully comparing last Christmas, when the children were home from school for two weeks dated solid in advance, with the self centered family holiday with which "Little Women" opens, pities herself the more because she subconsciously feels that the home in this book must be still the normal American home and hers, or those of her community, a pathetic exception.

For all that, I wish we might have a few of the old girls back, as well as the Alcott girls: say Ellen Montgomery in a condensed version of "The Wide Wide World," as good a piece of *genre* as ever we had for farm life in the North before the war. But the last publisher to whom I lent my copy said it would be necessary to remove all the theology and most of the tears, and I had to admit that to take out so much and dessiccate what was left might, as in the case of figs, change the taste of the product. Could not Mrs. Whitney's girls come back, though? Sara Orne Jewett's "Betty Leicester" appeared in a new dress only last year. Jean Webster's girls in "Daddy Long Legs" and "Dear Enemy" and the Patty stories are real and representative; their look on life is American. Americans love them: the day Jean Webster met her death a dentist told me that his waiting-room—in a building on Great Jones street—was full of patients of the varied classes and conditions likely to gather there, when a workman, his eyes full of tears, came in with the news. It was, he said, as if everyone there had lost a personal friend.

Of living writers who write for girls, Elsie Singmaster is one of those who can be trusted to create honest young women whose conduct is both believable and worthy of imitation—given the conditions under which it is shown, and especially in "You Make Your Own Luck" (Longmans, Green) and "Virginia's Bandit" (Houghton Mifflin)—I am keeping to girls of the present day, which leaves out her Gettysburg stories. There is a genuine girl of immense driving power in Walter S. Ball's "Carmela Commands" (Harper); here are Americans in the making. The present season, now rushing toward Children's Book Week, has given me the usual number of romances meant for girl-food: Margaret Young Lull's "Golden River" (Harpers), with one of those boarding-school plots in which one girl is hectored by another: the variation is in the setting, the Sacramento River country with a feud and a flood, and in the language, largely what a girl would use. In "Tomboy," by Dinah Stevens (Appleton), both language and conduct give the critic pause. Again Louisa Alcott gets in her work: she popularized a type of tomboy that lost caste with fashionables in the '70's because she slid down hill: this is the 1930 model, who steps on the gas and has in common with her generation grown up with movies and modern orchestration. Shall a guide and guardian of youth recommend to parents and teachers a heroine who smokes, uses lipstick—rather clumsily, it is true, and scarcely with intent to deceive—and is not above combining with the freedom of a boy's conduct some of the unfair advantages taken by a girl? The answer is that if you should, parents and teachers wouldn't take her on your recommendation; but she is more alive than most of the good girl scout heroines, and a fairly good example of many girls anyone meets, and if she does not come in the least to a bad end, why, neither do they. If I have spent so much space on a simple story, it is because it shows the double requirement already noted. Florence Ryerson and Colin C. Clements take a safer course with "This Awful Age" (Appleton);

(*Continued on next page*)

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Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

this heroine begins at twelve, and grows up to sixteen in the cheerful and unsentimental companionship of the boy next door, and her adventures are all in the high fields of romance. That is, she passes under your eye through the time of life when girls are largely what they dream about—a white sister, a lady bountiful, one into whose life has come a great sorrow—and environment exists chiefly to be bent into shape to fit the immediate dream and to be shoved into another shape with the rapidity of scene-shifting. Each of these adventures seems to have appeared separately as a magazine story, or so I infer from a sameness taken together, but if one knows where to stop reading for the time the book is worth at least six prolonged laughs. It is by no means so good as "Penrod," but it comes the nearest I know to countering this hero with a heroine of the same cast of mind. The title of "I Lived This Story," by Betty White (Doubleday, Doran) implies that the incoherent, over-sexed, heartsick, snobbish existence here set down is really that of an American coeducational college, and the award of the "Campus Prize" of Doubleday, Doran and *College Humor* to this book confirms the belief that the record is reliable. One hopes not, for the sake of Northwestern, which appears from Bernard De Voto's statement on the jacket to be the habitat of these young people. Perhaps it takes a right romantic license to cut away from facts when the book needs it; "A Barrel of Clams," by Shirley Berton Lesher (Harcourt, Brace), by refusing to do so becomes less convincing than if more art had been introduced into this artless account of the method—including clam-digging—by which a girl kept the kitchen fire burning on an uninhabited island while genius was being coaxed to do so. To come at the last to a book whose title should put it into this list, "American Girl," by John R. Tunis (Brewer & Warren), here is organized tennis and the championship situation: this is only incidentally a study of one girl, the intent being apparently to show by detailed arraignment of commercialized sport, that in the words that close one chapter "of such apparent trifles is our civilization made"; it is therefore rather American than girl.

I wouldn't worry over what foreigners think of American girls. There is usually something slightly wrong with other people's children, anyway. Let them keep their ideas of our young people's conduct to comfort them when they feel slightly dissatisfied with that of their own. And if you think they never do, just read their books.

C. E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa., asks me to "unravel the relationship between the two Sackville women who each have the initial V., with a bibliography of each."

THERE is but one Honorable Victoria (Vita) Sackville-West, daughter of the third Baron Sackville of Knole (Sackville-West being the family name) married to the Honorable Harold Nicholson, and author of "Heritage," "Seducers in Equador," "Knole and the Sackvilles," two travel books of the Orient, "Passenger to Teheran" and "Twelve Days," "Andrew Marvell," and now "The Edwardians." Perhaps the tangle came from her double equipment as novelist and as poet, for in addition to these prose works she published "The Land" and won with it the Hawthornden Prize for that year. Possibly the inquirer has in mind her brother, Edward Charles Sackville West, who wrote a mannered but significant novel called "Mandrake Over the Water Carrier," or Lady Margaret Sackville, daughter of the seventh Earl de la Warr, who has written many poems and several poetic plays. The home of the Sackvilles figures not only in V. Sackville-West's book "Knole," above mentioned, which this reader should consult, and as everyone seems now to know, as the background of Virginia Wolf's "Orlando" of which V. S.-W. is in a philosophic sense the "hero," but as the scene of the slight but reliable study of post-Victorian morals and manners in "The Edwardians"—a novel that certainly does take a reader behind the scenes in high society of the period. Benson's autobiographical memories, "As We Were," go well with it.

ONE more cry for help. *C. S. S., New York City,* has searched everywhere, he says, to discover the origin and derivation of "to lead the life of Riley." Who, please, was this enviable person, when did he carry on this coveted career? He is not in any of the books of reference, so far as I have found. I shall await with interest the answers that may put a happy conclusion to C. S. S.'s search.

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Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. October 25: Americana. There are included: Ira Allen, "Transaction relative to the capture of the American Ship Olive Branch," 1805-7; "The State of Vermont in Account-Current with the Honorable Samuel Mattocks," printed at Windsor about 1795; "The Pennsylvania Town and County-Man's Almanack for the Year 1758," by John Tobler, Germantown, C. Sower, Jr., 1757; Tom Thumb's copy of H. J. Conway's "Dred: a tale of the Great Dismal Swamp. A drama in four acts," New York, 1856; the first issue in broadside form of Franklin's "The Way to Wealth," London, 1780; a manuscript diary of about 100 pages, kept by Samuel Man, dealing with the French and Indian War; three years, incomplete, of the Mormon periodical, "Time and Seasons: 'Truth Will Prevail,'" Nauvoo, Illinois, 1842-1846; William Penn's "The Quaker's Elegy on the Death of Charles, late King of England," London, 1685; Aaron Smith's "Atrocities of the Pirates," London, 1824; a group of Vermont items; and "The Case and Tryal of John Peter Zenger, of New-York, Printer," London, 1750.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. October 27: Books from various sources, including the Tennyson collection, formed by Thomas Ogden Amelia, of Philadelphia. The sale includes: two copies of Stephen Crane's "Maggie: a Girl of the Streets," New York, 1893, the privately printed first edition, one copy entirely unopened, the other a presentation copy from Crane to Elbert Hubbard, with the inscription, "My dear Hubbard: This tawdry thing will make you understand the full import of the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I am very sensible of the truth of the sentence when I give books of mine. I am always your friend, Stephen Crane," and a long letter inserted; a letter from Shelley to Thomas Love Peacock congratulating him on his marriage; a Fourth Folio Shakespeare; autograph presentation copies of Lewis Carroll's "Doublets," London, 1880, "Rhyme? and Reason?," London, 1883, and "Sylvie and Bruno," and "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded"; a Dickens group; Kipling's "Quartette," Lahore, 1885, with the advertisement of the West End Watch Company on the back wrapper; Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," London, 1820, inscribed for the author by Ollier, the publisher; Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," London, 1655, the rare second edition; an extra-illustrated "Life of Johnson" with, among other things, a Latin quotation in Johnson's autograph; and a copy of C. M. Westmacott's "The English Spy," London, 1825-6, with 72 plates designed by Robert Cruikshank. The Amelia Tennyson collection includes: "Morte d'Arthur; Dora; and Other Idyls," the second of the Tennyson trial books, one of eight known copies; a trial issue of "Guinevere," London, 1859, hitherto undescribed; "The Song of Alma River," words and music by Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, privately printed, London, 1854; an unknown poem, "The Princes' Noses: a

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of Whistler's, a DeQuincey manu-
ipt of three and one-half pages, and the
riginal autograph manuscript of Eugene
Field's preface to the first published edition
of his "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

G. M. T.

The Chapin Library at Williamstown is, during the month of October, holding an exhibition of the works of Virgil in honor of the two thousandth anniversary of his birth. The printed list of this exhibition emphasizes again the astonishing resources of the collection: commencing with a fifteenth century manuscript, on vellum, from the Huth Library, it goes on to include among other volumes the Venice 1470, the Vicenza 1479, the Aldus 1501 and 1514, the Elzevir 1636, and the Baskerville 1757 editions of the "Opera"; the Florence 1494 translation by Bernardo Pulci of the "Bucolica"; the Spanish translation of the same by Velasco, Anvers, 1557; the Gawin Douglas translation of the "Æneid," London, 1553; the Thomas Phaer translation, London, 1562; the Fleming translation of the "Bucolica," London, 1589; and Dryden's translation of the "Works," London, 1697. Few libraries could manage from their own shelves to assemble such a group of books.

G. M. T.

Attention should have been called long ago to the unusual review, published ten times a year, by Goodspeed's Book Shop in Boston, called "The Month of Goodspeed's." With the November issue, this glorified trade catalogue commences its second year; it is extraordinarily well done, with interesting notes and quotations, and excellent illustrations, and the editor, Mr. Norman L. Dodge, succeeds admirably in his work of giving pleasure to his readers.

G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Plaza Art Galleries, New York City. October 29-30: Books from the libraries of Jules Hart, of Yonkers, and a former New York publisher. These include: Longfellow's "Evangeline," a large paper copy, dated a year later than the first edition; Bret Harte's "Lost Galleon"; Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers"; several parts of Irving's "Sketch Book," with their original wrappers, uncut; groups of presentation copies of the novels of Thomas Nelson Page and F. Hopkinson Smith, two thoroughly delightful writers whose works are not extensively collected; "Uncle Remus"; Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo"; Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage"; the first issue of the first edition, autographed by the author; Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh"; and a series of Remington items, including an original oil painting. The sale has many other books of equal interest, although not all of them are in the perfect condition demanded by the majority of present-day collectors.

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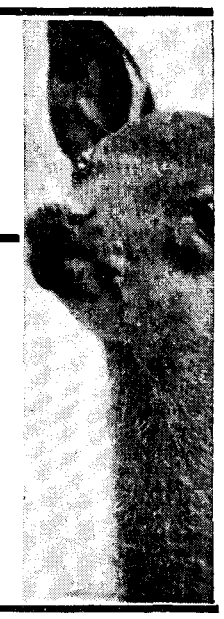

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EVERY once in a while in the history of the world a national figure arises somewhere who is really little better than a person of criminal instincts fighting for political power, yet invested with glamour due to personal idiosyncrasy. Such an individual was *Pancho Villa* of Mexico. The anecdotal history of this genial killer, published by Stokes and entitled "Here Comes Pancho Villa," is the story of many murders. One of them, the death of *William Benton*, the English ranch holder, which caused international complications some years ago, may be remembered. *Louis Stevens* gives considerable space to it in his book. It is highly dramatic. Villa had stolen Benton's cattle and they came to blows in Juarez. Benton was a brave man and so met his death. There is also the story, apocryphal or not, of the American writer, *Ambrose Bierce*, who though seventy-two years of age, had joined Villa in Mexico through sheer avidity for adventure. One night at mess Bierce, in his uncontrollable way, announced that Villa was no more than a bandit and that he was going over to the enemy, *Carranza*. Villa smiled. Then he sighed. He would miss Bierce's Rabelaisian stories. Bierce started forth that night, with his *mozo*, after an affectionate farewell. After an hour Villa despatched a detachment to overtake them. Bierce was never heard of again. . . .

Knopf will publish on November seventh a beautiful selection from the stories of *Katherine Mansfield*, made by *J. Middleton Murry*. The book is priced at five dollars, has been designed by *Elmer Adler*, and decorated with designs by *Zhenya Gay*. The stories chosen include "Prelude," "The Daughters of the Late Colonel," "Pictures," and *so on*. . . .

The same publisher is also bringing out at the same price and on the same date a new edition, revised, reset, and with a special introduction by the author and sixty-one black and white illustrations by *David Hendrickson*, of *Joseph Hergesheimer's* "The Three Black Pennys," which may now be said to have become an American classic. . . .

Mr. Knopf is to be congratulated upon his choice of artists of line-drawing for the embellishment of both these books. In each case the result is highly artistic with no intrusion upon the fine prose. There is practically no other publisher in this country who could have achieved such perfectly *right* book-making. . . .

Two of the most notable achievements of the intellect which have recently come to our attention are first the barring from Australia of *Norman Lindsay's* excellent novel, "Every Mother's Son" along with "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms!" and second a comment given among other "reviews and opinions" as an appendix to a paper-bound book of poems by *Brookes More* put forth by the Cornhill Publishing Company. This comment is dated 1924 and runs as follows:

> I am in hearty sympathy with your campaign against free verse and other anarchistic trends of the present time. IRVING BABBITT.

Here we have evidence of positively oppressive intelligence, particularly when one recalls that prime anarchist of the past, *Mr. John Milton*, who wrote "Samson Agonistes" in free verse. . . .

One section of Mr. Brookes Moore's book presents a most original idea, a little poem for each month—you know, beginning with January and chiming all the way along to Christmas. There is some particularly dainty anarchistic rhyming in it. For instance:

Oh, tell me a month in the round year
That's better or brighter than June!
Can you think of a time that will suit you
So well for the honey-moon?

The future may bring us great riches,
Or poverty, trouble and care;
Whatever our union may lead to,
No need to give up to despair.

Except, it may be, in the third line of the second verse—but is that generous!—such a poem could not by any stretch of the imagination bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest. And then look what Milton wrote upon divorce! . . .

We apologize for turning immediately to the "Sins of New York as 'Exposed' by the Police Gazette" and told of by *Edward Van Every* who wrote "Muldoon: The Solid Man of Sport"; but we are, after all, only human. You can get this book from Stokes for three dollars and an introduction by *Franklin P. Adams* is included. Also there are 120 reproductions of the original woodcut illustrations. And part II is entirely on pink paper. It takes us back to all the barber-shops we ever knew in our youth. It gives Manhattan from the 'forties to the 'eighties at its purplest. It absolutely belongs on your Americana shelf. . . .

And have we mentioned that *Milt Gross's* "He Done Her Wrong" is the most uproarious picture-book of the season? We are perfectly willing to accept it as the greatest American novel, though it is entirely without words. And not a word in it," as Gross says. "—No music, too." Save for one single instance the drawings are simply inspired—and as for the choice of episode! . . .

"He Done Her Wrong" is a truly gurrrripping tale of the Great Woods and the Vampire City. There is in it, O God, what manly virtue and prowess,—O animal-crackers, what Deep Dyed Villainy,—what Beauty in Distress, what Fiendish Chucklings Foiled, and last, but not least, what a Magnificent Moose! . . .

Thirty-four radio stations from New York to San Francisco are now hooked up on the *Alexander Woollcott* book review broadcast. The hour includes a review by the Bookworm of four new titles a week, in selecting which Woollcott has been left entirely free to follow his own choice, and free to roast or praise a book over three thousand miles of air. . . .

The Frederick A Stokes Company has carried off one of the prizes of the literary season in securing the long-awaited war memoirs of *General Pershing*. They will be published in April, 1931, under the title "My Experiences in the World War." They will be given partial newspaper serialization before they are issued in book form. . . .

We are privileged by *Dale Warren* of Houghton Mifflin to give the gist of a recent letter from another Dale—*Dale Collins*, author of "Seatracks of the Speejacks," "Ordeal," etc., whose new book (Houghton Mifflin) for January or February, will be entitled "Rich and Strange." Collins wrote recently from the Red Sea aboard the freighter *S. S. City of Delhi*, which still more recently touched at New York. Collins and his wife are traveling round the world, have been doing so for a year, and shall be so doing for another six months. "By that time," he writes, "we shall have covered one hundred thousand miles in her and been twice around. We are signed on as a steward and stewardess at a shilling a month." Collins was born at Sydney, Australia, April 7, 1897, was an ailing child, and spent months of each year in bed. He never thought of any career but writing. At the age of eleven he had a story, "A Kangaroo Hunt," printed in an English comic paper named *Puck*. His father was an Irish doctor who had been a ship's surgeon. After newspaper experience in Australia, when the Chicago millionaire, *A. Y. Gowen*, arrived there aboard his motor-yacht, *en route* to circle the globe, Collins, on twenty-four hours' notice, went aboard to write up the Speejacks' trip. Returning to London he anticipated aid from *Lord Northcliffe*, as he had written the Speejacks' tale for the *Daily Mail*. But Northcliffe died a fortnight after he landed. So Collins settled down to write fiction. Finally an Irish palm-reader inspired him to cease wasting time on small things and at the same moment the idea of "Ordeal" occurred to him. He put eight months on it and sacrificed his fare back to Australia; but the book turned out a success and he has been writing books ever since. He has also been translated into many languages. In between he has taken trips to the Far East, the West Indies, the Pacific, and about Europe. And he met his wife in Monte Carlo, though she was reared almost next door to him in Melbourne. Today his veranda is the lower bridge, his front garden the sea, his back porch No. 3 hatch; for both he and Mrs. Collins are inordinately fond of "the Long Trail." . . .

And so forth.

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